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UPWARD AND ONWARD;

A THOUGHT BOOK
FOR THE THRESHOLD OF ACTIVE LIFE.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE GARDEN," "AN IDEA OF A CHRISTIAN," ETC.

SECOND THOUSAND.

LONDON:
PARTRIDGE AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

1858.

MEADEN, PRINTER, HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM.

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PREFACE.

Few mature men can look back on their past history without feeling how much suffering and loss they have endured from the absence, in their youth, of a judicious counsellor at their side or a suitable book in their hand. For want of such sympathy and advice how many are wrecked in their youth by perilous mistakes and fatal errors, or at the best robbed of much of the comfort, respectability and honour to which, with better principles and nobler aims, they might have attained. With such feelings the following pages have been written, and though composed under circumstances the most disadvantageous, yet it is hoped there is in them sufficient of true sentiment and right thought to render their perusal purifying and elevating, and to help the youthful reader to higher thoughts and loftier aspirations respecting life, duty, and religion, which, by God's blessing, may cheer and guide him in the present world, and fit him for a nobler existence hereafter.

S. W. P.

PATERNOSTER ROW.

A DEO.

The works of God, yea, *all* his works, do praise
Their great and good Creator. The wild Sea
Raves out his mighty chorus to the sky,
The Mountains lift on high their snowy hands,
And the green-liveried Earth exhales a psalm.
The Air—that azure girdle of the earth—
Wafts sweetest incense to his crystal throne;
The giant Trees—those green-robed choristers—
Chant forth his glory on earth's temple floor;
The spectral Winds howl anthems to the Lord;
The Brooks run singing through the listening woods,
Waking the echoes; and the voiceful Flowers
Look perfumed hymns from out their sheltered nooks.
Far noblest of them all, the kingly Sun,
Th' unwrinkled father of the noiseless years,
Pacing his azure palace, leads the song
From morn till even; while his pearly mate,
The Moon, with all her train of infant Months,
Leads forth her starry household numberless,
To join the universal symphony.

Could I behold all this, nor feel my breast
Heave with a holy strong ambitiousness
To bring *my* offering, too, of grateful praise?
For should *a man* be empty-handed, dumb,
When all things are thus eloquent for God?
Should the sole tongue of this wide earth be mute?
All in the temple vocal but the priest?

Alas, poor offering mine! Some, Lord, have felled,
And on thine altar laid, great trees of thought;
I, though with no small pains and mental throes,
Have gathered but at best a few mean sticks
From out the forest of eternal truth.
Yet, great in condescension as in power,
Thou wilt accept them, for my heart, myself,
Are both in the poor gift. Have I writ truths?
Commend them to my youthful brothers, Lord;
Make them like burrs upon their minds and hearts
To make them wiser, better. Use, and bless.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

GOD.

God, the great world sustainer! The End-seer,
The everywhere and ever present One,
The voiceless and mysterious Unseen,
The Self-existing, the dread Uncreate!
Who shall describe his might, or fitly phrase
The vast hieroglyphics of his power?
Girdling himself with the unfading sun,
He wraps the light about him, gems the flower
With beaded dewdrops, strings the pearly stars
Round the black throat of night; in gyves of ice
Fetters the swirling flood, and broadcast sows
The armèd earth with snow-flakes; in his fist
He grasps the wrestling winds, and harnesses
The hurricane impetuous. At his beck
Flies the white Lightning, and the Thunder hoarse
Saith to him "Here am I." In icy mail
He arms the rivers and the naked woods,
Rattles the sudden hail against the hills,

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And curbs the comets. The affrighted earth
Reels like a hammock at his gathering frown,
And calm as childhood sleeps the huge-limbed sea.
He breathes new life upon the hills, commands
Fresh beauty in the valleys; he re-clothes
The woods in gayer green, ribs the crimped leaf
That twinkles in the sunlight, wooes the flowers
From the black womb of earth, and smiles again
The desert to an Eden.

It was He
Who taught th' earth-scorning lark—that seraph bird—
His bubbling song; who gave the blushing flowers—
Persuasive preachers!—their calm happy looks.
He carpeted the black and naked earth
With its green covering, tusked the bristly boar,
Gave to the elephant his hornèd teeth;
Fashioned all living things—the shy giraffe;
The tunnelling worm; the lion, stout of heart;
The strong sun-soaring eagle, the cold snake,
The serviceable camel, the meek ass,
And the devoted horse.

Far, far above
This restless sea of things, He sits serene,
Sees flitting generations come and go,
Th' unchanging and unchangeable I AM.
He reigneth—the Almighty; rides and rules
The rude fierce surgings of a wilful world,
And from his cloud-based crystal throne beholds
This strangely chequered earth. Before the sun

Had glassed himself in our yet slimy world,
Ere earth had bubbled into glancing gems,
Or darted into crystals; ere the Wind—
Gaunt athlete—had o'erswept the bending woods;
Before the grass had hid earth's granite beams,
Ere man—its latest tenant—had looked forth
On his new-furnished home—His whispering voice
From chaos woke the elemental Four,
His feet o'ershadowed the emerging hills.

Oh trust in Him, and hush thy causeless fears;
Rest calmly on his bosom.[1] He who spoke
Light into life, and looked the waves to rest,
Shall he not rule all lawlessness, and bring,
Yet, order from confusion? Doth he ope
His hand to the unthankful, and rain down
Fresh blessings on the disobedient,
Water the clutching miser's field, and sun
The garden of the churl? Doth he still fill
The granary of the merciless, still pile
The basket o' th' unjust; still multiply
The flock o' th' grudging, still increase the herd
Of the dull thoughtless boor? And shall he not
Do more for those who trust him, look to him,
Their life, their joy, their pattern, and their hope?

He is the best, that mightiest; he is Love,
That omnipotent, omnipresent one.
Whate'er thou art to him, he is to thee
A fond, kind father, and a pitying God.
Under the kindest, mercifullest laws

Hath he not placed thee, hedged with kind restraints—
The tenderest restraints—thy freedom round?
Still hath he strown, on sin's deceitful paths,
The thorns of trouble; with convictions barbed
Goaded thee truthward; gently urged thee on
With motives; scared thy heart with fears;
Surrounded thee with keen observing eyes;
Schooled thee with providences stern and strange;
Wooed thee with wonderfullest promises.
He ruddered thee with reason, and still fills
Thy bellying sails with impulse; with fond hope
Gently persuades thee, and with interest lures;
Sets thought within thee, and opinion round:
With conscience garrisons thy breachèd heart,
All sentinelled with angels. With high powers
And winged affections hath he fashioned thee,
And daily by those strangest miracles—
The commonest of blessings, he appeals
Alike unto thy intellect and heart.
He crumbles, with the biting frost of care,
The clods o' thy stubborn nature, and anon
With the warm beams of full prosperity
Makes fruitful thy cold heart.

All that thou hast,
'Twas he who gave it; all—whate'er thou art—
His helpful grace enabled thee to be.
When thou didst prate of fortune, it was He
Sent thy success; when thou didst glorify
The fool's god, Chance, 'twas he, 'twas he alone
That weavèd for thee thy prosperity.

Ponder thyself, with all thy wondrous powers,
Take stock of all thy strange capacities.
He fashioned thee in wisdom, mossed thy nest,
Swathed thee and cradled thee with loving care,
Reared thee with watching mercy, and thus long
In life's fair orchard hath continued thee,—
Ah, for how little fruit!

They praise him still,
With all their varied capabilities,—
The dew-fed grass, and the sun-painted flowers,
The burnished buttercup, the odorous rose,
The queenly arum, and the teasel armed,
The garish poppy, and the clustered vine,
The tasselled plane, and the funereal fir,
The quick low-wheeling swallow, the hoarse crow,
The watchman of the woods—the nightingale,
The saucy sparrow (bold, audacious friend!)
The tiny-waisted gnat, the bulky bull,
The ponderous elephant, the monster whale,
The giant-leafed banana, the stern oak,
The towering cocoa, the white-wristed birch,
The graceful tree-fern, and fantastic palm,
Th' unfooted snow-peaks, and the sheltered vales,
Ocean's hoarse waves, and heaven's white island-clouds,—
All praise their great Creator; and wilt thou—
A *man* endowed with lustrous regal thought,
Freighted with reason and high intellect,
Stand silent 'mong the choristers, like one
Possessed by a dumb devil?

Lift thine heart
In humble adoration and firm trust
To him thy God and Father, nor forget
His eye is on thee when thou thinkest not,
His ear bent down when thou dost seem unheard.
In the lone wood and crowded street alike,
In the gray twilight, in the silent night,
He still is near thee, with thee. Live to him,
As 'neath his sleepless eye; so act as though
In the continual presence of thy God.[2]

RELIGION.

Be no mere creedsman, yet select a creed:
Thrice miserable he who has not learned
What to believe; the sceptic, of all men,
Is the most credulous: who would be safe
From gorging error—let him feed on truth.

Happy thou art if thou rememberest not
The date of thy conversion; knowest not
When thou didst first prefer the right and true.
Cradled in all the holy influences
Of a pure happy home, still drinking in
The Master's precepts at thy mother's knee,
Thou didst betimes the voice of duty heed,
Nor madly burst the moorings of control.
Ah how much better to have acted thus,
Than lived to mourn the best half of a life,
And dedicated all its sunniest hours
To error and to evil!

Next to God
Honour thy parents; ponder the command
That hath a special promise. The good man

Bare-headed walked beside his father's grave;[3]
The preacher, too, the pulpit would not mount
Till he had kissed his mother.[4]

No pet truths
Thou mayst allow thyself: have reverence
For *all* thy Father's laws. Creeds, parties, forms,
Endlessly diverse, spring up from this source.
An earnest digger in the Bible field
Has excavated some strange fossil truth.
Oh how important is it in his eyes!
He would denounce, unchristianize, the man
Who will not own its value; 'tis to him
A test, a shibboleth. But he, unwise,
Confounds the petty fraction with the whole:
Blindly mistakes the solitary pearl
For the full-beaded chaplet. Few there are
But into error's confines push pet truths;
And yet a feature cannot be a face,
A member not a man: truth must be still
A rounded whole, composed of minor parts,
A system, not an isolated star.

Think more of duty than of happiness.
What is it—happiness? Mere surface-soil,
Loose earth, above deep-lying principle.
Do well, and thou'lt be happy; get right thoughts
Of God,[5] that thou mayst trust and honour him;
And also of thyself, that thou mayst be
Not only meek but self-reliant too.

The wise man sentinels his very looks,
For what so wicked as an eye? Weigh words,
Before thou dare to give them utterance.
Few blush for silence: silence oft is good,
And speech not always better. He who knows
How to be silent hath attainment made
That praters well might covet: the unsaid
Is sometimes most sublimely eloquent.
Thrice blest is wisdom's tongue: it understands
When to be silent, with all modesty;
Yet in fit season boldly speaks right words.
Be gentle in thy speech, considerate, kind;
A word may be more cruel than a blow,
Murders have been committed by the tongue,
But loving words are all-omnipotent.
If uttered grudgingly, consent is worse
Than flat denial; but in ev'n a "No"
May be a world of liberality.
Guard, too, thy roving thoughts with jealous care,
For speech is but the dial-plate of thought,
And every fool reads plainly in thy words
What is the hour i' thy heart.

Above all things
Be spiritual; what thou hast to do
Do as before thy God,[6] th' all-seeing one,
Lest thou become the slave of hollow shams,
And meaningless observances; a thing
Less of vitality than mechanism.
Examine if thy piety to God
Be real, earnest, thorough; if to man

A sacrificing, self-denying thing.
Let thy devotions be sincere, beware
Lest prayers be only words: remember, God
Not only hears thy prayers but answers thoughts.
They who *live* prayer best pray,[7] *live* praise
Best worship. With thyself be still sincere,
If thou desirest peace or joy. Thy heart—
Is it antagonistic to thy head?
Behind conviction still does duty lag?
Woe, woe to him who is a two-souled man,
Heavenly on Sabbaths, worldly all the week,
An angel in God's house, a fiend at home,
Neither at one with God nor with himself.

Perchance thy progress is at best but slow,
Yet be thou not discouraged; few things grow
Like sallows by the stream. The diamond
Hath needed for its growth full many a year;
The acorn springs not to an oak in a day:
Greatness is made, not born; all earthly things
Do grow unto perfection. Ere it soar,
The tree must grow for many a tedious year.
Few things in this world are mature at once,
Like the uncradled sun; the path to heaven
Rough may be, but there is a rougher one,
For easier is it to climb up to heaven,
Than to dig down to hell.

Man's wickedness
May trouble much thy heart, nor less perchance
Hypocrisy and cant. But be not moved,

Look at religion less as lived than taught:
From its professors learn it not, but spell
From out the Master's teaching; and the Book,—
The alphabet of truth. Before thy mind
The great ideal keep continually;
And Him, the wondrous Model. Study truth
Here rather, lest thou stumble at the faults,
The hollowness and inconsistency,
Of those its advocates, and shouldst refuse
The precious gold, because thou hast been duped
By some base counterfeit.

Keep ever free
From misty care-clouds and rude passion-gusts
The sky o' thy heart. Live in the calm clear light,
The sunlight of God's loving fatherhood.
Small things are only great to little men,
And an unruffled mind is no mean wealth.
It is the tallest tree i' th' wood enjoys
Most of the sunshine. To the soul erect,
And living far above the dust of things,
Joy shall be strength, to do and to endure;
For 'tis the heavenliest spirit hath most strength,
As the top leaf falls last.

Have fullest faith:
Thou lovest, brother, to be trusted too,
And canst thou, then, too fully, firmly trust
Almighty love and wisdom? Have, too, faith
In noble efforts; or thou'lt ne'er achieve,
Or bless thy fellows with a useful deed.

Have faith too in thy prayers. Our arrowy prayers
Awhile may seem to linger in the sky,
But never yet was prayer propelled in faith
But fell at length in blessing.

Of thy store,
If justice, honesty forbid not, give,
And liberally: but give not thy gold,
Instead of service—that far better gift;
For service is a rarer offering,
More self-denying too. The Go-alongs
Strangle the efforts of the Come-alongs.
Shall the world's teaching be entirely left
To gowned and salaried official men?
How many a noble project comes to nought,
Because so many rather give than do!

Thou livest in a sternly echoing world,
And thine own acts will all return to thee,
Aye, and with interest. 'Tis a tennis court,
And thine own racket struck the very ball
Now bounding to thy bosom. What thou giv'st
Thou wilt most surely get; thy garnering
Is thine own sowing. Art thou liberal?
Thy sheaves shall sure be neither few nor small.
Or niggardly? A niggard's harvest-home
As surely shall be thine. Dost thou complain
The world is selfish, cold to thee? Perchance
'Tis but thine image mirrored in the glass.
Speak therefore as thou wouldest wish to hear,
And be as thou desirest to behold;

Nor think to speak or act, to plan or do,
But all shall echoing be returned to thee.

If things be adverse, cheerfully submit,
And to the change thyself accommodate.
Useless and badly tempered is the steel
If it refuse to bend, but the good blade—
The true Toledo—circleth on itself
Uninjured. To be little learn;
Like the haired caterpillar, fortune is
For ever changing; or the gay balloon,
Today inflated and tomorrow burst.
Life is a chequered lot; we may not have
The summer without winter, the bright day
Without the gloomy night. Both, both are good,
And doubtless best altèrnated. The earth
In winter is the nearest to the sun,
So men afflicted oft are nearest heaven;
And as the truant homeward turns at night
So trouble drives men Godward. Sense alone
Would in the warm enjoyment ever bask;
But in the atmosphere of suffering
The spirit is best ripened. Bravely, then,
And patiently, endure; the Perfect One
Attained to perfectness through suffering.
'Tis easier do than suffer, hard it is
To nurse the passive virtues; sin dies hard,
And vices oft are only rooted up
By the sharp ploughshare of adversity.
For we by nature are rough stubborn ore

Till God in mercy melt, and mould us too,
In trouble's crucible, to heavenlier shape.

Yet blame not Providence too hastily
If things are adverse and unprosperous.
How many are there who with thoughtless hand
Sow their own miseries, and forsooth on Heaven
Father the suffering they themselves begot.
Out of the earth the lightning sometimes springs,
Not always from the sky descends; so men,
Yea, good ones too, nor seldom, plant themselves,
The seeds of their own ruin. Every plan,
And every project, then, baptize in prayer.
See that thou art no idler. When was not
Some lion prowling fierce in Sluggard Street?
And who shall hope to bless or succour him
Who still will curse himself?

Be not afraid,
For fear unmans us; nothing dread but sin.
Ev'n the red butcher, Death, fear thou him not;
The mass shrink from him as the timorous sheep
From the fierce sheep-dog, but he'll harm thee not,
That honest jailer of the Prince of Life.
On Him the Ever-living fix thy hope,
Nor fear his servant, Death.[8]

The weary earth
Is full of graves, but be thou not unmanned
If death bereave thee. Where, ah where, is he
But hath already buried half his heart,

And more than half his hopes? The fairest flower
Still bears the sharpest thorn, the loveliest bud
Is scattered even while we gather it.
Heaven hath the more attractions for thee then,
And earth the less. Let thy aspiring thoughts
Be oftener of the angel-peopled world.
Soon satisfied must that man be for whom
This world, with all it hath, is big enough.

Worship thou always, everywhere; God's earth
Is an hypæthral temple, never roofed.
Live close to God, with glad religiousness
Too pure to be sectarian. To him
Who *is* a temple, 'tis of small account
Where he may worship. Superstition shun,
For 'tis religion in senility;
Nor be, contrariwise, fanatical,
Fanaticism is its babyhood.
Religion, let it be thy law, thy life,
For if thou live it, art it, not, thou hast
As yet attained to little. He in vain
Will look for heaven, who, searching his own heart,
Finds it not there.

Prepare for grief and change,
But snivel not o'er coming miseries,
Nor let tomorrow's unsubstantial ghost
Affright thee from the banquet of today.
Chafe not at trouble when it comes; the dew
Falls in the darkness, so heaven's choicest boons
Distil in sorrow's dim and starless night.

Who would exult in an unclouded sky
If days were never dull and overcast?
Trouble is but love's shadow, after all:
It is not so much *what* we bear, as *how*.

Be humble, and submit thy will to God's,
Thankful for all things. Hath he ta'en away?
Thank him for what is left. Refused thy prayers?
For what he hath denied. Thy blessedness
Perchance in what thou dreadest rather lies
Than what thou most desirest. Hunger not
For rank or station, neither envy wealth;
The poor man hath but the one care, to get,
But the rich man hath two—to keep and spend.
Wisdom is the true diamond after all,
And with what coronet shall he be decked
Whom virtue crowns not?

For all ministers
Pray, and pray fervently, for much they crave
Thy intercessions and thy sympathies.
He whose sole business is religion needs
More grace than common men, for he alas
Not only lives to pray but prays to live.

Live *in* the world, nor imitate the fools
Who, rashly madly wrenching out their hearts,
Immure the husks of their ignoble selves
Far from their fellows, useless and alone.
Love wears no hood, and wisdom is uncowled.
Where is thy virtue if thou makest vice
Impossible to thee?

Shun selfishness
In every form; yea, even in good things:
In office, station, notoriety;
The sect, the creed, the sermon, and the pew.
Remember, in the alphabet of things,
There's many a letter more important far
Than the great "I" man thinks so much upon.

Let not the plumb-line down of anxious thought
Into the depths of hid and secret things.
More satisfaction hath the practical,
And how much more of benefit!

If proud,
(And pride may skulk beneath a gabardine,)
Set the great God before thee reverently,
For scarcely can he be a happy man
Who knows not a superior. He is bad,
Or should be great indeed, who worships not;
For one alone is great, and only God
May be his own divinity.

"To me,
Come, all ye weary, heavy-laden ones,
And I will cheer you."[9] Wondrous Nazarene,
Thy words have comforted this weary world;
Worthy a God, how suited to man's need!
Thou wast indeed a brother, more than all
Hast sympathised with poor humanity;
Thy truths have flooded earth with light, for aye
Thy sayings perfumed it.

Turn not away
From him, the Comforter. If thou reject
His consolation, who shall comfort thee?
Thou turnest to thy brother, but alas
Some want the power, and more the will, to help;
And after all, for many earthly griefs
Both inclination and ability
Are all too insufficient. Go to Him
Who with his love unites omnipotence,
Who sweetened with a promise each command,
And never in the sternness of the sage
Forgot the pupil's frailty.[10] Art thou weak?
He can be strength to thee. Art sorrowful?
He can be comfort. Art thou contrite, friend?
Mercy is he; and, lest thou shouldst despair,
Forgiving love.

Ah, thou art doubly blest
If thou hast gone for comfort to thy Lord,
And with his consolations nerved thyself.
Thou shalt not turn thy back i' th' hour of fear,
But shalt be calm in all perplexity,
Run in the way of duty, and be strong
For all obedience. Joy shall light thy path,
And mercy guide and guard thee to the end,
Through all the trials of this baffling world.

EARLY DECISION.

Youth is a promise and a prophecy,
An adumbration of the coming man,
And as the blossom scarce belies the bud,
And even childhood is significant,
So manhood hath small difference from youth;
The child walks in the shadow of the man:
A man is but a boy intensified.

The world soon labels men, and character
Grows with the many full as fast as age.
Power, aptitude, and capability
Distinguish man from man; the common herd
Will stand aside unbonneted, for him
Who hath with industry equipped himself
For the stern work of life. But who will budge
Respectful for the dreamer, who will care
To blazon his dishonourable name
Who trifles opportunities away,
Postpones, doubts, pauses, lingers, hesitates,
And tries his unaccustomed armour on
When half the battle's fought?

Life is at best,
With ev'n the youngest, a short summer day;
And he who hopes to serve his fellow men,
Or rank with earth's achievers, scarce must lie
And doze away the morning." No man yet
Ever attained to be a medal man
Among mere human coin, but early set
His face to duty, chose him some high path,
Breasted the adverse tide, and steeled himself
'Gainst opposition, danger, ridicule,
And gave himself all unreservedly
A holocaust to some great noble aim.

The steps to greatness take a life to climb,
And he who dreams its morning at the base
How shall he hope to gain the pinnacle?
Alas how many vainly strive to weave
Great patterns on the selfedge of a life,
And crowd a world of enterprise and work
In the brief space of one scant afternoon!
The leaf in autumn scarce becomes the tree
When men are seeking fruit. The bud, the flower,
Pleasant in spring, are then poor substitutes
For the ripe growth of full maturity.
Not the seed-basket, but the sickle, then
Becomes th' autumnal field. Alas, alas,
There is too much to be, too much t' achieve,
In this short life, for any to delay,
Or waste its hours in meaningless resolves.
"There will be time tomorrow," saith the fool:
There *may* be time, and opportunity;

But he who hath no willingness today
Will he have more tomorrow ?

The platoons
Of truth and error, and of good and ill,
Behold on either side, for fight arrayed.
Life's paths are all before thee. Solemn choice !
What wilt thou be, and whose ? Along which road
Art thou prepared to travel ? Awful thought !
On thy decision hangs thy hell or heaven.

He who in life's fresh morn doth choose aright,
And spends his energies on noblest things,
The day of life before him—he it is
Who lives to ripen well his purposes,
And gather in the harvest from his plans.
The finest apple was the earliest formed,
So 'tis the early trained that ripen best
To full proficiency and highest use :
But he who waits and trifles, lingers on,
Till, nudged to action by the westering sun,
He bungles in his fatal haste his task,
And only lives to see a few sour fruits
Hanging around reproachful.

A true man,
Titanic, brave, one-purposed, resolute,
Doth seldom grow from undecided youth.
Greatness casts no mean shadow. If thy youth
Is marked by indecision, tremble then
For manhood and for age. To few indeed

Doth life's fast-sinking tide flow more than once:
And while irresolution dubious stands,
It ebbs, and all is lost.

It needs not vice,
Debasing habits, lawlessness or crime,
To mar and poison life. The two-souled man,
Who oscillates between the right and wrong,
With scarce a preference discernible,
Who is, yet is not; will, and yet will not;
He may as surely ruin, curse himself,
As he who, 'reft of name and character,
Hides from his branding fellow-men. The tree
Was not a vicious but a barren one,
The gentle Saviour cursed. The salt denounced
Was only useless and unsavoury,
No base corroding poison. Something more
Than a mere will-less human negative
Must be the man who can expect to please
His God, his fellows,—or his own poor self.

The undecided—what shall prosper him?
The tide is flowing and the wind is fair,
All is propitious, and the gallant barks,
With bellying sails, glide merrily along;
But still he pauses, eyes askant the clouds,
Suspects a storm, the wind may veer ere long,
He'll wait awhile—and then. So fade the hours,
With all their golden opportunities,
And he who might have distanced any man,
And made the port of Fortune with the best.

Tempts the long voyage with a worsing tide,
Or never ventures out to sea at all.

Life's opening chapters colour all the rest,
And blessed he who hath surrendered up,
Free from all base duality of heart,
A hearty holocaust, his whole of life,
With all its round totality of years,
On duty's hallowed altar. To repent
A wasted youth may be a seemly thing,
But ev'n contrition can't efface the past,
Or hide the scars of evil. Innocence
Is better than repentance. Sighs and tears
Are miserable pumice-dust to hide
The ugly blots on the past leaves of life:
Arrears of duty cannot be repaid.

THE HEART.

To rank among the intellectual
And soar above the herd of vulgar men,
Is this thy fond ambition? Prune thy wing,
Flutter, and fly, and soar—'tis well and right,
Praise-worthy and commendable. But know
The heart is the true pedestal: 'tis much
To think correctly, to feel rightly more.
The best men are the greatest after all.
Right thoughts in heaven's balance lighter weigh
Than pure and high affections. Be thy aim
Less to be richly gifted than be good,
For goodness—that is greatness.

'Tis for this—
That our prone selfish hearts be schooled to love—
We day by day live on in this dull world.
Not to heap up mere intellectual wealth,
And learn and plan and do, but rather this—
That we get pure unselfish loving hearts.

Alas how often is high intellect
Blighted by base affections. All of us
Are far less as we think than as we feel;

And in how many is the judgment fooled,
Reason obscured and intellect bedimmed,
By the foul exhalations of a heart
Unsanctified by purity and love.
The titled bard[12] had been a greater one
Had he but been a purer holier man.
The heart is the mind's father, the well-spring
Of thy most secret thoughts: as are thy loves,
So will be thy opinions and thy acts.
Hence rise the limpid streams of purity,
Humility, love, gentleness, and joy;
Or the thick troubled and polluted waves
Of hate, self-love, and sensuality.
Oh sentinel, my brother, thy young heart,
It needs thy sleepless care and vigilance.
Watch well its tendencies, its love and hate;
Be ever jealous of its preferences.
Watch lest it cool and harden, for thy heart,
Whate'er may perish, shall for ever live.

High is the dignity of purity,
And enviable is large-heartedness.
Th' unselfish—every man must honour him.
Men wonder at the gifted, all agape;
But the true-hearted still doth win their love.

"Give me thy heart, my son," stern Wisdom cries;
Say, shall she cry in vain? Shall that high fane,
That shekinah of man, that altar veiled,
That hallowed, noble and palatial thing,
Be a mere nest for all things base and foul?

Forbid it, Duty, Interest. Give thy heart,
And early, to all duteousness and truth,
That so if evil and temptation come,
They may no lodging find prepared within.

Fast are we drifting to a naked world;
And soon must leave this muffled masquerade,
Where hearts all ulcerous and leprosied,
Long rotten with all selfishness and vice,
Are cloaked with dignity and masked in state;
While many a godful nature is concealed,
Unrecognised and scorned. However great,
Thou must put off thy robe of circumstance,
Gay, gaudy though it be; must strip thyself
Of every adjunct and accessory,
And stand a naked and transparent soul,
Before thy Maker's eye.

How oft a man
Will strive to tinker up his faulty life,
Reform his conduct, and amend his ways,
Forgetful that 'tis all but evidence
Of an unsound, sin-striken heart within,
Neglected and unthought-of. 'Tis not hard
To patch and whiten the old tenement,
But 'tis at best a useless industry
If the main beams be rotten. "Keep thy heart,"
And all will be well kept: thy words, thy deeds
Will flow a limpid and unsullied stream
From the pure crystal fountain.

There is one
That ever-watchful sits beside the door,
The open door o' th' heart, still noting down
Who enters, who departs. With lidless eye
Stern Conscience marks the guests, and knows them well,
And smiles approval or with frowns condemns.
Ev'n though she slept awhile, not one could pass
Unrecognised, for every visitor
Leaves his own several footprint large and plain,
And leaves it there for ever.

Keep thy heart,
And keep it specially from smaller sins[13]
(If any sins be small). Full many a man
Who ne'er would let great ugly Murder in,
Howe'er he beat the door, will suffer yet,
All patiently and unsuspiciously,
The pigmy, Anger, to climb undisturbed,
And enter at the window. But the least,
His footing once made good, will ope the gate,
And straight admit the greatest. Watch and guard,
The mine is not less dangerous than the breach,
And open force is oft less perilous
Than hidden craft. The solitary sin,
The puny tempter, are thrice-dangerous spies,
Scouts from the rabble hordes that wait hard by,
Hung'ring for prey. Sins never walk alone;
'Tis only one that knocketh at the door,
But lo, a hundred crouch unseen behind,
Eager to wriggle in.

Thrice happy he
Who, early loyal to the right and true,
Hath barred his heart against the rabble throng
That fain would cross the threshold : who hath won,
By prayer, and purity, and pious will,
Angelic sentinels and heavenly aid
To keep the sacred citadel secure.

LIFE.

Oh what a strangely chequered thing is life!
Sunshine and shadow, confidence and fear
Form the mosaic so mysterious.
How boastful, yet how hollow! What a cheat,
Yet ah how full of promise! To raw youth
What a May-day balloon; to wiser age
What a vile bundle of old worn-out rags!
'Tis to the glad and merry-hearted child
Bloomy and fresh as an unfingered plum;
But to the saddened man 'tis dull, and stale,
Untoothsome as a cold and re-cooked dish.
How different this rainbow sketch by him
That painter prince—Imagination,
From that tame picture by Reality!
"What buttercups and daisies," shrieks the child;
"What fearful thorns and briars," sighs the man.
'Tis the hot room where Confidence, Despair,
Prosperity and Ruin, Joy and Tears,
Rattle the dice in the mysterious game
For the dread stake, humanity.

Young friend,
Have rightest views of things, and play the man.
Life is no pastoral; the earnest live,
And they alone. It is a solemn game;
Heaven, Hell, are struggling for the precious pool.
'Tis no parade, but a stern battle-field,
No playground, but a school-room; no calm port,
But a fierce open sea. The trifling fool
Will find it disappointing to his hope
As an unkernelled nut, but to the wise
'Tis honey-laden as the luscious lime.
Art thou a man, thou shalt find grain enough,
And golden, for thy sickle; shalt return
With no mean burden, up the shaft again,
Of precious ore: but if a trifling thing
In search of pleasure merely, or a churl
Whose every thought turns on the poles of self,
Inglorious will th' arena be to thee,
All shame and disappointment.

Dost thou think
Life a strange mystery, full of wonderment;
Doubt whence and where thou'rt drifting, where is He
Th' almighty helmsman? Mysteries there are,
And doubtless needs must be to puny man;
But we must learn to hope as well as know,
And where our penetration cannot trace
Our piety must trust. Be patient, wait,
The drama is not ended; the fifth act
Shall all its predecessors well explain,
And reconcile God's purpose with man's hope.

Faith is the medicine to unsting our cares.
Life, like a dial, is but meaningless
Unless its hieroglyphics be illumed
By an unriddling future. Leave to God,
With a calm, patient, and unwavering trust,
T' evolve from out this ugly growth of things
Perfection, beauty, holiness and use.

Ponder the laws of life, nor foolish prate
Of chance, fate, fortune, and necessity.
Life—'tis the plastic stuff the wise man moulds
To great and good results; the priceless wine
The sleeping fool allows to flow away.
'Tis the rough pregnant ore, from which with sweat
The earnest smelts the gold of endless life;
The sparkling stone the gaping trifler hugs,
Proud of the bauble. 'Tis the smooth descent
Down which the wicked to their ruin slide;
'Tis the ringed ladder good men climb to heaven.
'Tis the sky-kissing pyramid, all built
Out of minutest thoughts and actions—all
Ranged by thyself, and piled by thine own hand.
Thou standest just were thou hast climbed or fall'n;
And if the credit be not all thine own,
Thine own assuredly is all the blame.
Within the rough rind of thy aging heart
Behold the rings of all thy former years.
Thy past is living still; thou'rt what thou art
Because thou hast been what thou'st been. Thou hast,
Though slowly, climbed the ladder of thy years,
And the swoll'n crested wave of thy to-day

Is but th' addition of thy yesterdays.
Earth is heaven's threshing-floor; the chaff, the wheat,
Fall in their places by th' eternal law,
And in the spirit world say will the laws
Be different? Nay, surely every soul
Will still obey the gravitating law
Fixing it ever and unalterably
In its own fitting place. The wicked then
Will, far as zenith from the nadir, sink
From God and happiness; the buoyant good
Rise up to highest glory.

"All is vain,"
Taught the stern Preacher, but 'twas sourly said.
Life to the vain alone is vanity,
But to the wise it is the precious bulb
That efflorescs into perfectness.
Life is to thee but what thou art to it.
With truth and duty in thy heart enthroned,
A settled purpose, a definèd plan,
'Tis neither vain nor vapid; but to him,
The trifling pleasure-seeker, 'twill be dull
And meaningless. How few there are but stand
Beside the grave of opportunity;
How oft the swagger of "I am" is shamed
By the stern whisper of "I might have been."
Bitter, thrice bitter, is the retrospect
Of a blurred, bungled and disjointed life,—
Sad as the burial of an only son.
Then sow not, as thou valuest thy peace,
Thy memory with regrets; let duty make

Of every day a pleasant yesterday,
Unblushing, unaccusing. So the beams
Of effort, honour and success, shall gild
Thy purposeful career, nor thou lament
In future years over the puckered past.
Tomorrow seldom disappointed him
But who despised to-day. Wouldst truly live?
Regret not yesterday, scorn not to-day,
Nor trust too much tomorrow. Live thou so
That earth shall be to thee heaven's corridor,
The ante-room of bliss. Ah trifle not
With life's young hours, but while thou livest, live.
The palette, colour-filled, is on thine hand,
The virgin canvas wooeth thy design;
What picture wilt thou paint? Oh fearful choice!
How many have but laboured to their shame,
And daubed their infamy.

Tempt not life's sea
I' th' leaky hull of pleasure. The taut bark
Of duty is the only one that rides
Secure among the breakers. Learn and earn;
Let not the present smoulder, life at most
Is a short summer; like dead leaves from trees
Our days fall from us, and the grisly beard
Bristles to-day upon the wrinkling chin
That yesterday was smooth and all unhaired.
Thrice happy they who wait not the grey hair
To school their heart to wisdom, who need not
The canonizing grave-yard, where the bad
Are angelised in marble; but who reach

Th' appointed mark, well drilled in truth and love,
While yet the noon of life is all unspent.

How old, my brother? Nay, how good art thou?
Tell me thy wisdom, I will tell thy age.
In wisdom many of the young are old,
And many old have not yet learned to live.
Age is as nothing: earth's bright eldest-born
Is fairest still, for he, the parent sun,
Is far less wrinkled than his children are,
And the old tottering greybeard may be oft
A very babe in all that makes a man.

Life, life, eternal life—still on and up
Travel our strainèd thoughts. This is at best
But life's rehearsal, crude apprenticeship;
A mimicry of manhood, the first scene
I' th' drama, a mere playing at men,
A puling babehood. Let not added years
Find us unripe; but (like a forest leaf,
Most lovely when decaying) sweet, matured,
Fit for the Master's use, the Master's home.

LAW.

All things are under law. The earth, the sun;
Night, day; spring, summer; the untethered stars;
The vagrant comets, the fire-belching hills,
The giant sea, the sky-rack, the tall hills,
Ice continents, sand deserts—all obey
The several iron laws that govern them.

Thou livest under law, howe'er thou chafe;
Law thou canst not escape. Thou couldst as soon
Rid thee of thine own shadow as the law
That wraps thee round as doth a clinging cloak,
Or as a fitting skin. At home, abroad,
Beside thy hearth, beyond the farthest sea,
It grips thee with a tight unloosening grasp,
And holds thee still its helpless prisoner.

God's laws are wondrous things—they still revolve
On their own axes, promulgate themselves,
And in one language speak to every tribe.
They are their own police and magistrate,
And need no jail nor executioner.
They work their own results all noiselessly,
As they who built the Temple.

Under law
Is thy mysterious body. Health and strength
Are both in thine own keeping, life and death.
Morally right is physically best:
Thou mayest poison all the springs of health,
Abridge life's lease, and die before thy time;
Or lengthen out thy threescore years and ten
By peaceful joy and temperate exercise.

Thy mind is under law. Thy inmost thoughts,
Thy bodyless ideas, all obey
The regal voice of law. Thou mayest nerve
And energize thy lofty faculties;
Or thou mayst brutify thy mental man,
Debauch thy reason; shut, and rudely, out
The witnesses for the truth, and smuggle in
The clamorous rabble passions.

Thy soul, too,
Is governed by a law; but not the law
That governs grosser and material things.
The gentle law it owneth is the law
Not of compulsion, but persuasiveness.
With the material 'tis necessity,
But with the spiritual it must still be choice.
Motive and interest, reason and reward
Are set around, before thee, and within,
To beckon, guide, allure. Ah awful choice!
Thou'rt perilously free; canst choose, refuse,
Prefer the better, worse; the right, the wrong.

Under the law, the blessed law, of grace
God hath in mercy placed us. "Do and live"
No longer sounds from Sinai, stern and hoarse,
But Calvary whispers in a gentle tone
"Believe and be ye saved." No longer deeds,
But faith, is the requirement of the law.
Bow gladly to its summons, ope thy heart
To its thrice blest and hallowing influence,
And let the sinner in the Saviour trust
With surest hope and fullest confidence.

Be thankful that thou livest under law,
That God hath placed thee where effect with cause
Are leashed together indissòlubly.
Make them thy friends, that they may speed thee on
Joyward and heavenward; not thine enemies,
To sting, and goad, and jostle thee to hell.
Were it not thus, all things would be confused;
The produce might belie the parent seed,
Seasons confound the shrewdest prophecies,
And all be dark, uncertain. None might hope
To reap what he had sown; then might men dare
To plant the vilest weeds, and fondly trust
To gather rarest fruit, or painfully
Water the cereal seed, yet knowing not
What harvest they might gather.

On and on—
Fast are we drifting to another world,
A world of stern infallible results.
Eternity is but time's harvest-home,

Futurity the blossom of to-day.
What thou dost sow, in measure and in kind,
That also shalt thou reap.

Revere God's laws:
None mayst thou break unharmed. Forget it not,
Thou liv'st in no chance world, where trees of fame
Will grow from seeds of sloth, where flowers of wealth
Evolve from out the buds of indolence,
And plenteous autumns follow idle springs.
Obey them, they shall speed thee surely on
To health, to reputation, and to heaven.
They shall be to thee the smooth shining rut
Down which thy jewelled and eternal soul
Shall safely glide. But if thou disobey,
Heedless and wilful, straggling off the line,
Thy ruin shall be without remedy.

Set not thyself against God's any law:
The train that speeds thy neighbour to his home
May crush the life from out thee shouldst thou dare
To cross the line before it. None despise:
Not ev'n the laws that govern lesser things
Mayst thou neglect unharmed. This godly man—
He was a very pattern to his race,
But he had trifled with his health so long
That he became unnerved, irresolute,
A piteous wreck among taut human barks.
That healthful giant, full of lusty strength,
Too long had set at nought the social laws:

But crime at length extinguished character,
Opinion rose and rent him; without law
Fain did he hope to live, but learned too late
That the most lawless still are under law,
And he must break who will not learn to bend.

THE LAUNCH.

It glides, all smooth and noiseless, down the stocks,
Amid the deafening plaudits of the crowd;
Soon, with the queenly swan's majestic grace,
To float all gallantly, away, away,
Adown the sparkling river. Rank and wealth
Have honoured its first essay with a smile,
Beauty upon it hath bestowed a name,
The sunlight gilds its pennon, and the wind
Laughs loud and hoarsely in its snowy sails.

So leaves the youth his home—the sacred home
Of infancy and childhood. He departs
Far from his father's prayers, his mother's tears,
His boy-companions, games, and dogs'-eared books.
The cricket field, the green, the village walks,
His sisters (proud of so much manliness),
That well-worn hearth, and that accustomed bed,—
To joust among the combatants for place
In the far-distant city, and dig gold
In the hard quarry of the wide, wide world.

Full many a peril lours o'er that fair ship,
Many a trial o'er that hopeful boy.

He too must meet with many a sunken rock,
Many a treacherous quicksand; weather, too,
The current fierce, and brave the wrathful storm.
Ah happy ignorance! He knows them not,—
The tug and wear of life; but rushes on,
Like a strong charger to the thickest fight,
Regardless of the danger of the fray.
He longs, th' impatient, brimmed with lusty life,
Most eagerly for manhood, scorns a guide,
Obeys, and only, his own wilfulness,
Champs the restraining bit, and will not bear
The bridle of reproof, for he is sick
Of boy pursuits, and fain would be a man.

The goal of manhood is at length attained,
But ah how disappointed he who runs!
That which, while distant, seemed a lovely plain
Proves but a scene of conflict: soon he faints
Amid the dust and heat, with anxious eye
Looks round for quiet and repose in vain,
And learns, though late, that longed-for manhood hath
No little prose, with all its poetry.

Prepare, then, diligently for thy change,
That when the season for thy launch shall come
Thou mayst be found knee-timbered,[14] well equipped
For battling with all adverse elements.
Go with a prayer, and with a purpose too,
And gird thee for the conflict trustfully.
Go, strong in rectitude, armed cap-á-pie
With the tried mail of wisdom; see thy mind

Be fully stored with his perceptive lore[15]
Who ranks as wisest of the sons of earth.
So shalt thou look before thee without fear,
Around without dismay; when weary, sad,
Feeling the crowded city's loneliness,
Shalt cheer thee with all comfortable thoughts
Of duty, heavenly help, and inward peace.

The world will test thy mettle. Lean on none
But on thy heavenly Father and thyself,
As thou wouldst disappointment shun. Dream not
Of coming wealth from living relatives,
Possible legacies, appointments snug,
Kind patronage—and such besotting things,
That oft befool the young. Delusive streaks
Of mirage in the sandy plains of life,
How many an eye of hope hath turned to these,
How many a youth been wasted and consumed
In the heart-aching chase! Make for thyself
An honoured name, build thou the edifice
Of thine own fortunes, never be content
To be the puppet spender of the wealth
Another and a better man hath earned.
Incompetents may crouch for patronage,
But, for thyself, remember that desert
Is still the surest step to dignity.

Nor lack decision. 'Tis a wretched thing
To be a will-less man. Few things are hard,
Nothing impossible, to him who wills;
But a mere nurseling—what shall he achieve?

Though wilful, still a will, if masterful,
Is ne'er despised. The valiant daring man
Boldly begins th' attack, and seizes straight
Th' advantage an aggressor always has.
But weak irresolution houghs the steeds
Of action, and but tries, to fail.

Young friend,
What art thou, standing in the ranks of life,
Waiting for thy commission? Thy young hand,—
What has it learned to plan, accomplish, dare?
Of what achievement is it capable?
Art self-impelled,—a hearty volunteer
In duty's path,—prepared to play the man
In God's stern working world? 'Tis better far
To be self-moved, a true, truth-steering man
Than to be ignominiously pricked on
By the sharp bayonets of necessity,
To duty and to truth. What art thou? Say
Is thy mind ballasted with truth and use,
Thy heart rectangular with right and love,
True to the poles of rectitude and God?
What art thou? All things in God's universe
Ask the momentous question. Duty, truth,
The Bible, money, life; religion, heaven,—
All are to thee but what thou art to them.
What art thou, is inquired by every flower
On which thou gazest, and by every truth
Thou learnest. To the base and vicious man
What can be truth; or to the prodigal
What can be gold? Yet to wise-minded men

Truth still is life; to the wise-handed, gold
Is real riches. Care but for the *what;*
The *where* will surely follow, soon or late.
God sleeps not, and his providence selects
Desert and merit; trust, and pray, and wait,
He will not disappoint thy hope. The where
Thou art so anxious for, 'tis but th' effect
Of a preceding cause, the shadow dim
Of the immense reality, desert.

SERVING.

Art thou a servant? Be thy master's best.
Serve him not only with thine hand, but heart.
His eye is on thee when thou thinkest not,
And if not his, Another's. Self impelled,
Make thou his interest still thy care, nor need
His eye to spur thee to thy duteous toil.

Sigh not for higher place or wider sphere,
But wait submissive till promotion come:
Deserve it, and then leave results to God.
Station still waiteth for desert, the best
Will in the end be greatest. Trust in Him
Who calls us first to serve before we rule,
And makes obedience the first step to place.
Think less on thy condition than thyself,
For never was his occupation mean
Who used it nobly.

Dream not, then, but choose,
(If not already chosen), and at once,
Thy business or profession; time's swift tide
Fast ebbs, and waits for none. Without delay
Consult thy tastes, thy interest, and thy friends;

Choosing the active rather, lest, thy powers
Stunted and dwarfed for lack of exercise,
Thou miss thy full development. Alas,
What an unsalted dish at best is life
Without an avocation! Th' unskilled
Is useless as an old unlimbered gun.
They who would wear earth's laurels must be those
Equipped with capabilities. To learn
Thy business throughly, and to bring to it,
As it is honourable, no dishonour,
Be this thy aim and study.

Blubber not
If thou art poor, and of low parentage,
For so were they, the many, who now fill
The niches in fame's temple. Great the gain
Of being cradled in adversity;
But oh, what untold perils lurk for him
Born unto riches! He who understands
His mercies, will be thankful for his needs.
If thou inheritest a spotless name
And a strong healthful body, be content,
For thine is no mean heritage.

Have health;
It is thy duty, as thy privilege.
Fly the narcotic and the stimulant,
For youth and health need neither. Shun with care
Th' rollicking sons of riot, and avoid
Unmanning drink, for every self abuse
Adds to thy mortgage on life's lessening lease;

And drunkenness—it lets out all the man,
Yea, lets in all the devil.

Slumber not
After th' early-rising sun; the night
Sufficeth for repose. God gives thee time—
The capital he lendeth every man,
Therefore trade wisely with it, that his own
Thou mayst return with interest. Nor defraud
Thy master of his rightful hours, he claims
Thy best and chiefest ones; be punctual,
Exact thyself as thou wouldst have *him* be,
Were thou the master, he the servitor.

Enjoy, with moderation, thy life's *now*,
Nor think that added income will add much
Unto thy satisfactions. All enjoy
Less in possession than expectancy,
Wants fast beget each other, none are rich
But those that are content, and ah how oft
Doth wealthful age look backward with a sigh
On the stern struggling penury of youth.

Offend not, have no enemies; the sting
O' th' meanest insect may be troublesome,
And th' unnoticed grub o' to-day may be
A butterfly tomorrow. Be thou kind,
Courteous to all; to none unmannerly:
But affable as one whose loving heart
Respects his neighbour, dignified as one
Who also hath respect unto himself.

Be ready to kind offices, with scorn
Refuse the proffered bucksheesh; kindness still
Is its own sole, its only craved, reward:
The noble-natured man desires no fee.
Be thankful both for what thou art and hast,
And strive t' improve them both: drink not in vain,
Like the bare desert, the choice gifts of heaven,
But press thee on and up; not worth the name
Is life, unless it be progression too.

Envy not any; ev'n the master's self
Is often the most careworn man of all:
He in his turn serves many—aye, far worse,
That Nimrod harsh—the Public. Bear with him;
The counting-house, too, hath its many cares,
Many thou little know'st. He might perchance
With full as much of reason envy thee
Thy happy ignorance of ledger things,
Bad speculations, bankrupt customers.
There is no state in life hath all the "ands,"
Nor any all the "buts." The poorest lad
Hath no small share of this world's happiness,
The wealthiest merchant hath but little more.
Nor envy thou thy fellows: have they won
Their high position well, and without blame?
Respect them; and their office, though not well.
Strive, for thyself, less to outshine than shine:
For what the world calls greatness hunger not;
But as respects truth, duty, be thou great.
The trifler's gibe, the sneer of the profane—

Let not these things unman thee; the barbed jest
Drops scatheless on good temper's globèd shield,
And only rankles in the stunted heart
Which peevishness hath made impressible.

SELF RELIANCE.

A MAN should be a self-reliant thing,
Freighted with trust and capability,
Equipped for the requirements of life's war,
And leaning only on himself and God.
Not from *around* him will a wise man look,
But from *within*, *above*, for strength and help.
He will despise the smile of circumstance,
And hold the promise cheap; will hunger not
For rich men's smiles nor great men's patronage,
(The patronised is only half a man);
But nerves himself with all subjective strength,
Earns for himself, and lays, too, for himself
The timbers of his fortune, stands an oak
Amid the human bindweed all around,
And seeks at his own hands deliverance
From penury and want.

How many a youth
Lingers at home in enervating sloth,
And wastes the precious months which nobler men
Have coined already into worthy deeds.
Pillowed on circumstances, wrapped in ease,
A lazy idler, an unearning thing;

Of little earthly use, except to spend
What better men have earned, he waits forsooth
His uncle's legacy, his aunt's bequest,
His patron's promise, his friend's interest,
The government appointment, the snug post,
And then—and then he will begin to live.
He reads the "Wanted" list, and haunts the club,
And worries the M.P. The seasons roll,
The tide—the tide of opportunity
Ebbs daily fast away, while from the shore
He marks the white-sailed argosies glide by,
Which, had he been a self-reliant youth,
Might have been his; wealth, honour, fame, all reaped,
And he, unladen, sneaking to the hive
Amid his scorning fellows: bare, unsheaved,
Amid the shouts of harvest.

Linger not
Till skies are fairer, therefore. Life is short,
And *now* is the strong peg on which to hang
The weightiest achievements. Legacies—
Leave them for those who cannot earn, themselves;
Patrons—for those who cannot rise alone;
And government appointments for the mean,
Th' unable and the imbecile. Success
Will be the sweeter, though it come but late,
Because unaided thou hast carved it out,
And hewn, thyself, thy fortune to a shape.

"He can, who thinks he can." Self-confidence
And Self-reliance are twin Anakim,

Strange thaumaturgi both : possessed of these,
All things are possible, few difficult.
Man steps from hindrance on to hindrance
As a boy crosses, on the stones, the stream;
Ev'n obstacles themselves are but the rungs
That form the ladder of success.

Alas,
Of what is he possessed who hath them not,—
This self-reliance and self-confidence ?—
Little will he attempt, and less achieve ;
He will but be a unit in the herd,
Unlaurelled and unblest. The helping hand,
(Without self-help there's little neighbour-help,)
The ready purse, the station, influence,
That nobler men secure, can ne'er be his :
Nor, worse, that self-respect, that consciousness
Of capability and high desert,
That, even if success be partial, brings
At least sweet calm consolatory thoughts,
Placid contentment and benignant peace.

Leave "Can't" for children ; "Try's" the word for men.
He prospers most i' th' world who early learns
This weighty lesson—confident self-trust.
Whole-willed, resourceful, from his early years,
His masculine prompt nature still will wring
From out th' unlikeliest and most adverse things
The fairest, best results. He loses not
The top o' th' tide when favouring breezes blow ;
Nor idly wastes the fleeting priceless *now*,

In times of trial and emergency,
In seeking puzzling counsel from his friends,
And heaping up impossible advice.
The steam of his convictions does its work
'Ere he allows it to escape; the force,
The strong momentum, of an earnest man
Will leap a thousand barriers, overpower
The obstacles that trip up weaker men,
And, by God's blessing and his own strong arm,
Make the calm evening of his busy life,
Like yonder west, a glory and a grace.

THE SEVEN STEPS IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.[16]

Young brother, thou hast Faith; the dark unseen
Is, to thy spirit, real, palpable.
Thou hast the sixth sense also, art not found
Among rude doubters of th' invisible.
Thou canst believe that hidden things may be
The truest, mightiest, realities,
And that the greatest things in God's great world
May still exist beyond the pale of sense.
'Tis well; thou stand'st on the broad common floor
O' th' Christian temple: gird thee now for toil,
For lo the steep ascent lies full before.

First, for thyself,—that world-spelled part of thee—
Thy character. Add Virtue to thy faith,
That thy belief in the invisible
Be healthful and robust. A weakling faith
Brings neither joy nor safety. See that thine
Be ever living, growing, strengthening;
So shall it soothe thee in the weary hour
Of stern endurance, raise and strengthen thee
When bland temptations whisper, nerve thy heart
For Christian trial, conflict, enterprise.
That thou mayst dare (ah best courageousness!)

Be singular in goodness if need be,
A lone unaided combatant for truth
Against platoons of error. Good it is
To have th' feminine wish, but better far
Th' masculine will. Without this thou mayst be
A facile dreamer of cheap victories,
But thine will never be an athlete's arm
To throw a difficulty, nor wilt thou
Rank with the strong victorious wrestlers
That gripped the throat of Evil—sinewy fiend.
Were but the wish the effort, few indeed
Would stand contented at the ladder's base.
Weakness is few removes from wickedness.
Have a strong will, add courage to thy faith,
That duty find thee ready; trial, armed;
Temptation leave thy nature unseduced,
And prove thee also unseducible.

Add to thy virtue Knowledge. What avails
The vessel's strength, if it be rudderless,
Or a skilled helmsman stand not at the wheel?
Strength undirected is a brutish thing,
And without knowledge ev'n the strong may be
Only a zealous fool, an unmanned brig;
A skiff unballasted, fast eddying down
The rapid stream of life. Well understand,
Therefore, thyself, thy sphere, thy duties, and thy God,
That so thou fall not short, through ignorance,
Of what the age, the day, demand of thee.

Add, also, knowledge Temperance,

That self-denial may have exercise.
In vain the head is tended, if the heart
Grow self-indulgent and luxurious.
Thou hast not only a bit-scorning mind,
But a rebellious body, to subdue,[17]
And discipline and train. Be moderate
In all thy appetites;[18] a man should be
Something far higher than an animal.
Be in affection also temperate,
As one who loves a merely mortal thing,
Lest haply if it should be torn from thee
Thy wounded heart should bleed remediless.
Rein in thy sorrows too; let reason, faith,
Within the bounds of wisdom keep thy grief.

To temperance add Patience. Hast thou learned
To curb thy body? Govern sternly too
Thy temper—that wild steed. Avoid rash haste,
Impulsiveness, impatience. Thou hast faith,
And when thy faith has fully learned to wait
Thou wilt have reached to patience. Weary earth
Is rich in sufferings and endurances,
And happy he who meets the adverse tide
With calm and patient self-possessedness.

But thou hast other close relationship
Than that thou bear'st thyself. To patience, then,
Forget not thou add Godliness. On God
The Omnipresence, Mercy, Wisdom, Love,
The Might, the Goodness, the Omniscience,
Think often, deeply, long. And if 'tis hard

To picture adequately to thy mind
That glorious reality, then take
Best qualities of all good men thou know'st,
And form from them one noble great ideal.
Thus the God-likeness thou must imitate
Thou shalt be helped to picture; ever fresh
Before thy mind the vast idea keep,
For was there ever a great man on earth
But set the great God full before his face?

Other relationships are also thine;
Add, then, Fraternal Love to godliness.
Let thy religion be a loving one,
With aspect unto men as well as God.
After thy Father's own thy brother's claim,
That so thy daily acts discredit not
Thyself or thy profession; and the men
Who cannot read thy heart at least may read
The book of thy own life. All, all receive
To thy compassion and thy sympathy,
Nor ev'n deny yon sin-worn groveller's claim.
Love's leverage is all-omnipotent,
Kindness perchance may elevate ev'n him;
Or if it fail, the effort must be blest
To him who makes it, still.

Now last, not least,
Add to thy loving-kindness Charity.
Hast kindness unto men? Be tolerant
To their opinions; patiently forbear,
For every creed embodies much of truth,

Somewhat of error also. All is mixed:
Ev'n that opinion thou so tightly hold'st
Is not perchance so parallel to truth
As thou dost fondly dream. That error, too,
That thou so sweepingly hast learned t' abuse,
Not the pure falsehood thou imaginest.

Where standest thou, my brother? Is thy foot,
Undisciplined, ev'n yet on the first step,
Or panting hast thou toiled to the seventh?
If thou art low, despair not; nor presume,
However high: let thy foot-hold be firm,
And onward press to holiness and heaven.
Slippery and smooth is the stern upward path
Out of this weary world. The Christian life
Hath neither solstice nor meridian;
Safety is certain only in advance,
And he is falling that ascendeth not.

THY END.

Thou lookest on and on, with anxious eye,
Down life's perspective. Death is at the end,
But ah how much between of hope and joy!
Health, manhood, business, children, fortune, friends,—
Lo, what a crowd of glad and joyous ones
Peep from among the flower-enwreathèd paths!

Ere thou dost ope life's portal, pause awhile,
And let me ask thee what thy motive is;
Thy mainspring, thy impelling principle,
In entering thyself upon the lists.

Wealth? Riches never made a great man yet,
Though little men full often: never yet
Made a man happy, though it oft hath made,
And many, miserable. 'Tis the hope
Of godless men, the favourite port of fools;
The idol of the churl. Consider well
Thy aptitudes and capabilities:
Surely thou wert created not for this,—
A human save-all in God's universe,
But something better than to heap and hoard.

Station? It hath discomforts not a few:
Greatness brings neither happiness nor peace.[19]
'Tis better be a giant on the floor,
Than be a pigmy on a pedestal.
It is a thorny eminence, round which
False, fawning friends, and envious vizored foes
Do love, with homage sham, to congregate.
'Tis a tall target, and the foul and base
Delight to shoot their venomed shafts at it.
'Tis a gay vest that glitters to the eye,
But leaves the wearer pinched and ill at ease
Amid th' applause of parasitic friends.

Fame! 'Tis but oft the empty lessening praise
Of a poor grudging few; the late reward—
Too late—of toilsome and neglected men:
The stinted and belated pay of him—
The sad, long-hoping slave: the mean base coin
The niggard world doles out to its great men,
Nor that till often it hath starved them first.[20]

Ease? 'Tis the stagnant, dull, and waveless port
That fools alone are bound for. Ignorance
Sighs for the cheating mirage that still gleams
Sparkling i' th' far horizon; but the man
Who knows his duty to the world and God,
Work-loving, energetic, self-impelled,
Cares but for health t' accomplish, strength to do,
Content to work to th' end. The noble horse,
Is he for harness, and thrice noble man
Not for achievement too? Shall God himself
For us work every day, nor we for him?

Holiness, Use,—let these, young brother, be
Thy chiefest ends, thy primal purposes.
First, let God's likeness, graved upon thy heart,
Transform thee to his image, make thee pure.
He that would *do* must *be;* hands are heart-moved;
Th' Apostles—they had done far greater things
Had they been better men.[21] With this high aim,
Wealth, station, ease and fame, may all be thine,
And all be thine to bless thee: all will move
Around this pivot most harmoniously,
Used for thy God, thy neighbour, and thyself.
So shalt thou stand among the men who wear
The epaulettes of merit: firm, erect,
A generous-hearted and high-motived man;
A pyramid upon the human plain,
Casting its shadow far.

With anxious eye
The world is looking, next to God above,
To its young budding men. Long-rooted wrongs,
Hoary abuses, grey iniquities,
Demand a busy hand, a stalwart arm,
To dig them from their burrows, and to clutch
The many-headed monsters by the throat,
And chain them up for ever. Who shall teach
The purer doctrine and the deeper truth,
Exhort to friendlier speech and holier life,
Explore the far-off wilderness, reclaim
The distant savage horde, and try the claims
Of new inventions and philosophies?
Not they who half a century ago

Formed their opinions, and have spent their powers;
Whose clock of life in now fast running down,
To strike the hour no more. Who then shall be
The pattern or the genius of his age?
Who shall stand up in the vacated place
Of greatness, to indoctrinate the world
In science, learning, or benevolence?
Not he with selfish or ignoble ends,
Not he with puny and with dwarfèd heart;
But he alone who from his youth hath set
Life's awful end before him, and pursued,—
Facing his duties like the regal Jew,[22]
Careless alike of obloquy or praise,—
His one high aim with all his energies.
Not he whose nature doth no higher rise
Than the dead level of humanity;
But he who sets before him life's great end,
Enthusiast in goodness, who can leave
To lesser men the mean ignoble aims
That wear and waste their godlike energies,
And, gain or loss betide him, weal or woe,
A lever 'mong his fellows, points them on,
And leads them, too, to goodness and to truth,
Wooes them to higher thoughts and holier deeds,
And wins them to contrition and to God.

THE MANNER.

No little thing is manner to a man.
'Tis much to be a diamond, how much more
To be a sparkling and a polished one!
A churlish manner is most ruinous,
But gentleness and loving courtesy
Are introductions universally.
Many a fraud and many a solemn sham
Hath grown to an unmeasurable size
Behind the vizor of soft courtesy;
And many a true man, spite of all his truth,
Been beggared by his sour ungainliness.
The book lay on the table, all unread,
Because forbidding was the frontispiece;
And all neglected also was the man,
Because his manner was a churlish one.

Manner! 'Tis the heart's language, the soul's speech,
The hieroglyphics of the inner man;
Its gauge, barometer, and test: the vane
That shows us every current of the wind.
Manner! 'Tis beauty to the plainest face:
And, to the loveliest, deformity.
It decks a flat refusal with a grace,

And can transform a favour and a gift
Into an insult. With how sweet an air
It whispers kind advice, how lovingly
It utters the reproof! It raised yon youth
From a mere shopboy into mastership,
And beggared the fair prospects of that churl.
It won this maid—ill-favoured though she was,
A loving husband; rendered yon fine form
Th' aversion of wife-seeking men. It woke
The tears of the mirth-loving, and lit up
The dim desponding eye; it re-assured
The timid heart, and cheered the penniless.

Wouldst cherish a good manner? That is best
Which is to none offensive, specially
To those who are beneath thee. He alone
Who to his servants doth behave aright,
Is the true real gentleman. T' appear
An angel in the parlour is not hard
To many who are, in the kitchen, fiends.
Nabal so churlish was, that no man cared
To speak to him; but Boaz[23] greets his men,
Like a kind mannerly master.

Some possess
The varnishing of manner, who yet lack
The virtue and the truth of manliness;
Who rather seem than are,—but, at the best,
Veneered and highly lacquered nothingness.
There are, too, whose soft manner scarce conceals
A skulking fiend, whose sensibility

Masks cruel callousness, whose etiquette
Hides a cold, selfish, and unfeeling heart.

Have thou the manner of the best, but have
The heart of the best too; a monolith,
Whose semblance augurs its reality.
He, best and holiest, model of the race,
'Twas he who was the truest gentleman;
And the best manner still will grow and bud
From the most loving and the purest heart.
The Christian's is the best gentility;
He who his duty understands to God
Will scarcely lack true courtesy to man.

Not the fine coat, gold watch, or diamond ring,
Make, after all, the gentleman. In vain
Will circumstantials group around a man,
To raise him 'mong his fellows, if he fail
In courteous fit deportment. Bubbling up,
Manner still rises to the top o' th' stream,
The tell-tale of the hidden depths beneath;
Revealing to the thoughtless passer-by
The heart-gentility that dwells within;
Or the base spirit that so vainly strives
To hide its coarseness and vulgarity,
And skulk among its betters.

Travelled men,
And those who mingle with their fellows most,
These are best mannered. Travel throws a man
Into companionship with high and low,

Conforms him to strange scenes and usages,
Teaches him due respect to every man,
Gives him a dignified kind courtesy,
Rounds off his angularities, and smoothes
His ruggedness and roughnesses; compels
His patient audience of a differing creed,
And opposite opinions: schools him thus
To self restraint, forbearance, tolerance,
And every passive virtue cherishes
That helps to form a model-mannered man.

Who would select a sour, uncivil churl
For guest, companion, friend; who spread his board
For one whose manner or whose countenance
Was like to hail in harvest? Who would choose
To have a shadow o'er his daily path,
A gloom around his hearth? Such is the man
Whose manner is discourteous and sour;
He carries with him his own enemy,
Ready for all disservice, barring up
Against his entrance every wise man's door,
And severing him from human sympathies.

KNOWLEDGE.

The builder bee the fittest angle knows
For his own cell, the brainless sheep his place
In all the numerous flock.[24] The dog his path
Snuffs surely back to his far-distant home;
The duckling breaks the egg, and hurries down
To its appointed element: the ass,
Dull as he is, selects unerringly
The nutritive from out the harmful weeds.
The landless gull knows well his weary way
Over the wilderness of waves. The tree
Knows his fit time for leafing, and the flower
Its closing hour; the very crystal knows
Its own peculiar angle, and the bird
His special song. Thus all created things
Have knowledge: little it perchance may be,
But still sufficient for their smaller needs.
And shall the law be thus, and regal man,—
God's heaven-surveying representative,—
Remain content with ignorance?

Ah no;
Be childlike in simplicity,[25] but be
A man in understanding. Sit thee down,

A hard, laborious student, to thy books,
And that one, latest understood,—the world;
Lest in thy empty and unfurnished mind
The bloated spiders, Error, Prejudice,
Spin their accursèd webs. The shallow stream
In many scarce conceals the pebbly bed,
And every gaping fool that hurries by
Can see the muddy bottom. He alone,
Mentally furnished, well equipped with thought,
Intelligent, observant,—he alone
Is fit to form a unit in the van,
Or lead his circling fellows unto truth.

Let not a little knowledge puff thee up,
For wisest men are humblest. Small indeed
Must be that mind a little truth can fill,
And who knows most knows little. How confined
Is the horizon of the farthest seer;
How small the circle within which the minds
Of ev'n the wisest move! 'Tis but the fool
Who boasts his voyagings while anchored still
Fast on the rock of ignorance.

Alas,
How ignorant is he,—the learner, man!
Yea, ignorant as are the bad, of God.
Our depth is quickly fathomed, we're soon gauged,
In spite of our conceit; the wisest he
Who fullest understands his ignorance.
How much there is unknown—and worse,—mis-known!
The proud philosopher's complete *because*

Scarce answers to the fool's inquiring *why;*
The boldest stand confounded at the gulf
Of secondary causes, walled around
With the mysterious, cieled and circled still
By the incomprehensible. To dig
About the roots of truth, to mine beneath
The granite ribs of primal principles,
Probe through the shallow surface of effects
To underlying causes, or to take
The soundings and the depths of hidden things—
Who hath done, can do, this? We idly dream
Of far excursions, but have all the while
Stood only on the threshold; made our boast
Of fathoming the great deep sea of things,—
Poor paddlers in the shallows that we are.

Know'st thou the dew-point? Say, hast thou explored
Earth's burning bowels, or the tangled woods
That brave the tides of ocean? Canst thou name
The central sun, or hast thou tracked the path
Of th' mysterious wind? The source of light
Hast thou discovered; or its properties?
Earth's subtle life-blood, electricity?
Hast fathomed yet the dark philosophy
Of the snow-crystal—that mysterious thing,
Fantastic ice-bud of the frozen air?
Canst thou explain the organs of the voice,
Or syllable the language of the birds?
Dost understand that wonderment—thyself,
Thine own existence, or the tangled skein
Of thy compounded nature? Comprehend

That strange omnipotent, the hand? The forms
In the kaleidoscope of dreams? Birth, sleep?
Laughter and tears? Life, growth, digestion, strength?
The functions of the spleen? Smell, hearing, taste?
The radix principle of harmony,
Or the conditions of a future life?
Of all the wise, none ever answered yet
The question of the Roman,[26] never yet
Attained to height so intellectual,
But quailed before that mystery—a tree,
Felt baffled at that marvellous thing—a flower,
And fingered, with a child-like hushing awe,
That delicatest organism—a leaf.

Oh, 'tis a pleasant, an exciting thing
T' explore the caves of knowledge, and to rove
In fresh unfooted paths; a thrilling joy
To track the slots of a concealèd truth,
Find out a law in nature, excavate
A fossil fact long hid, or overlooked
By ev'n her keenest quarrymen. Dig, strive,
Early and late, then, to equip thyself
With all the knowledge needful to a man.
Yet in thy keen pursuit remember still
Unsatisfying is the knowledge of most things,
Yea, of how many is it but at best
Trouble and sorrow. Aye, there is a tilth
That scarce repays the reaper, yea there are
Who, travelled as the wind although they be,
All-seeing as the sun, are ignorant
Of their own nature, nor have learned to know

Or where or what they are. How many still,
Sore blinded by the dust and steam of things.
Befooled by every quack's Eureka, err,
Gathering laborious from truth's harvest field
Sheaves scarcely worth the garnering!

To end:—

Knowledge is great, but love is greater far.
What ever ripened in the moonlight cold?
'Tis love that hath the learning eye, 'tis love
Best understands the truth; a nature pure
Is the best tablet to write truth upon,
And an unselfish heart is no mean aid
To a clear head. Ah blessèd thrice is he
Whose instinct is to goodness, who hath felt
In his own heart the evidence of truth;
But woe to him who *is* contentedly
Worse than he *knows;* and learns, but not t'improve.

The knowledge, brother, thou already hast,
Live it, and make it wisdom. Get, and add,
For unintelligent humanity
Is but a wretched thing; go, seek it out,
For, save of evil, knowledge must be good.
The knowledge of the physical is life,
Of the mechanical is power, but,—best,—
The knowledge of the holy—noblest lore!—
That, *that* is understanding.

Great All-wise,
Have mercy on our wilful ignorance;

The good we know not, help us all to learn,
And what we know, to practise. Bear, Lord, still
With our unteachableness, keep our hearts
From error and from evil; yea, from all
That separates our souls from truth and thee.

BOOKS.

Books are strange things. Although untongued and dumb,
Yet with their eloquence they sway the world;
And, powerless and impassive as they seem,
Move o'er th' impressible minds and hearts of men
Like fire across a prairie. Mind-sparks,
They star the else dark firmament; they spur
The thoughtless to reflection, raise the prone
With the strong leverage of intelligence;
Furnish the empty-minded, chart the soul
Through her stern perilous voyage; pedestal
The great and gifted, beckoning meaner men
To gaze upon their mightier works and ways.

Oh that all books were such; that what is writ
Were always worth the reading: that the pen
Were wielded ever with a noble aim,
And none aspired to awful authorship
But those who, fit to teach, had armed themselves
With high intention and pure purposes,
And something like a capability.
Alas, they come like locusts, or like frogs;
'Tis the eighth plague, that Egypt never knew:
And Shallowness, Conceit, Ambition, Greed,

Deluge the land with most unmeaning trash,
And hug themselves as authors. Oh beware;
Much is not worth the reading that we read,
And still less the remembrance, Many a book,
Haloed by critics, stilted by the crowd,
Is a mere brainless and dishonest knave,
With eye upon thy leisure and thy purse;
That seems a likely and an honest man,
But really is a tempter and a thief,
And, spite of all its big pretentiousness,
And all the publisher's kind midwifery,
Is but a sad abortion after all.

Some books there are that scarce deserve their room,
However gay their liveries: some are shams,
On false pretences seeking audience;
Others are idle rhapsodies; or crude
And ignorant incapabilities.
Beware, nor waste thy time nor wear thine eyes
Unless the book be recommended well
By those whose judgment is of worth and weight.
Good books are priceless, read them o'er again,
They may be arches firm on which to build
The noblest character; but vicious ones
Conceal a subtle poison which remains
Oft through a lifetime; and for silly ones,—
That numerous herd,—time, money, temper, cry
Keep them, and always, far from thee and thine.

To have no books is undesirable,
To have too many is almost as bad.

Many an ignorant, unfurnished fool
Hath owned a goodly library;[27] great men
Have seldom boasted many. Choose thy books.
A handful better than a houseful is,
For many have a multitude of books
Who truly scarce know rightly how to read.

Yet is a good, well-chosen library
No vulgar, mean, or useless luxury;
Yea, to a true and intellectual man
A stern necessity. Here silent wait
Their audience with thee, sages, heroes, saints;
Here of the wisest thou may'st ask advice,
And hear the converse of earth's best-taught sons.
There is compressed the learning of an age,
The lore of many generations here.
Here is the dream of genius, here the woof
The wondrous woof of fancy; here, beside,
Are the shrewd guesses of philosophy,
The breathings of devotion; arranged facts
Of scientific calculating men.
These are earth's levers, and their writers are
The truest conquerors. They in twilight times
Battled with ignorance, conserved the true,
And combatted the false opinion.
These were the Titans that with sinewy arm
Wrestled with error, slew defiant wrong,
Chased superstition. Honour to their names,
Fragrant for ever be their memories!

How great they look, how wooingly they stand;

Yea, how suggestive are their very names!
There stands the son of Avon, lofty-browed,
Stilted above the best of his compeers;
Grave Milton, first in theme, and only less,
Because less universal. Goëthe, too,
The wondrous wizard of the haunted Hartz;
Cold, selfish intellectualist though he was:
His scarcely less, yea, nobler countryman,
He of "The Robbers;" Dante, mighty shade!
The patient chronicler of Rome's decline;
The Mantuan, and that oldest beggar bard:
The Essayists, and Olney's pensive son;
The famed magician of proud Abbotsford;
The holy train of Puritans. What awe,
What mingled veneration and regard,
Rise at the utterance of their very names!

One is there 'mong thy books—forget it not—
Well worth thy deepest pondering; a book
Thales could not have writ, nor Plato dreamed.
It stands, perchance, most uninvitingly
Among its gaudier compeers; its look,
Grave, modest, and retiring above most.
Yet is it in itself a wondrous book
In matter, origin, and history.
It hath withstood th' ordeal, long and stern,
Of adverse criticism, it hath braved
The shafts of ridicule, received unmoved
The rudest darts of deep malignity.
Before the light of scientific truth
Hath it e'er cowered, ever suffered loss

From all th' unfriendly sifting it hath borne?
The coin, th' inscription, the decree, the law,
The fragment, torso, excavation,—
All, all have witnessed to its truthfulness.
The learned sceptic sat him down in vain
To shake its testimony; infidels,
Loving it least, were first to copy it,
And from its pages beautify their own.
It hath inspired the pen of genius:
To it the painter came, and deeply drank
Th' inspiring draughts that brought his humble name
Undying glory; the lean poet here
Learned his immortal song; the sculptor hence
Borrowed his breathing statue. To it came
The little child, and wondered, sighed, and wept
Over its fascinating histories;
To it th' unlettered peasant, yet he found
Its truths so plain they would be understood;
To it the sage, but failed, with all his lore,
Fully to grasp its mys'tries.

Long and oft
Study this volume then, for here is meat
Fit for the strongest stomach. Let it be
The book of books to thee, thy oracle,
The volume of thy reverence and choice.
A very child is in its shallows safe,
And pleasantly may there disport itself;
But who, of all the wisest sons of earth,
May hope to gauge its depths? The tide of time
Leaves most books quickly dry upon the sand,

But this, the eldest, is still far ahead
Of each succeeding generation.
The sole historian of thy origin
Th' exponent of thy mission, 'tis to thee;
Of life's enigma the interpreter,
Th' unveiler of the dark invisible.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Honour the sabbath, if thou lov'st thyself,
Or carest for thy country or thy kind;
For few have prospered who have dared despise
Its solemn obligations. Toil not, then,
On sabbath hours, nor suffer other men
To work for thee on that day needlessly.

Oh choicest gift of Heaven, oh welcome boon
To labour's jaded sons, oh crowning gift,
Oh wondrous solder of society!
Had none been ordered, ev'n work-loving man
Had surely thirsted for a day of rest
From his own industry, by one consent
Had put apart a set convenient day
To rest his used-up energies awhile.

He that hath never prized the boon aright
Let him sit down and picture to himself
A land without a sabbath. Stalwart men
Would be no more, all would deteriorate,
The race would dwindle: the robust and strong
Would sicken, and the mad be multiplied.
Worse men would fill the senate and th' exchange.

Worse women fill the parlour, nursery,
Worse children fill the playground and the school.
Books would be little read, and men would grow
Base and embruted. Commerce would decline,
The wheels of business would soon jar and grate;
Few public worshippers would then be found,
And fewer private ones. Men would lose faith
In God, in one another, in themselves.
Morals would loosen, public conscience droop,
The bands that bind society would slack;
All would grow vicious, lawless, wicked. Men
Would rather live to get than get to live,
And who would reach his threescore years and ten?
Alas for woman's virtue then; alas
For man's high honour. Influence would be
Demoralised, and intellect befooled.
The labourer would be chained remediless
To sad incessant toil. The artisan
Would be defrauded of one-seventh his time,
For in seven days the son would earn no more
Than did his sire in six.

The sabbath sun
Rises upon the city gloriously,
And, rushing up the undimmed smokeless sky,
Silvers its many steeples, towers and domes.
Th' apprentice wakes, but not to-day for toil;
His master, too, but not for business:
No bills are due to-day, no letters come,
Demanding answer by the post's return.
The church bell chimes the hour, but summons none

To labour; ev'n the factory bell is still,
Its tall slim chimney smokeless is to-day,
And rumbling waggons wake awhile no more
The echoes of the street. The shopman pale
Enraptured sniffs the unaccustomed breeze,
And blesses his deliverance awhile
From heat, and gas, and wearying customers.
The shopboy, sorely pent, is up betimes,
Not to take down the shutters, but to hie,
Well smartened, to his dear suburban home.

Oh day of happy meetings, kindly nurse
Of holiest charities and purest joys!
Oh day of glad domestic gatherings!
The sister, from the neighbouring village now
Th' family circle joins, and cheers the heart
Of her fond father, and awakes his pride,
Observant of her budding womanhood.
Th' apprentice trudges from the distant town
Big with commercial duties, laden too
With a huge hard-earned present,—all for her,
His fond indulgent mother. With kind hand
The loving gentle Sabbath gathers those
Whom labour had dispersed, unites again
The social fragments round the homely hearth,
And makes the circle once again complete.
Ev'n the brick floor, ruddy every day,
To-day is clean and red beyond its wont,
The hearth is whitened worthy "the best day;"
There is a larger joint upon the board,
A bigger pie i' th' cupboard; and around,

The pure thank offering of a gladsome heart
Beams manifest from every brightened eye.

Still is the smithy, and the flail no more
Is sounding from the barn. The timid hare
Securely leaves her form, the pheasant whirrs
Unharmed above the fern. The ass, unyoked,
Wanders across the common at his will;
The horse is dozing over his sweet hay,
Snug in the stable; all unyoked the ox;
And in a corner of the fallow field
Lies th' unneeded plough. The ploughman's self,
Clad in his snowy smock, adown the lane,
Arched over head by tall embracing elms,
Is trudging churchward. His all-thrifty wife
Leads by the hand her pet and chubby boy.
The squire around him nods familiarly:
None may be proud to-day.

Ah happy land,
Where thus the hallowed sabbath leads the week,
And brings its comfortable peace and rest
To the most tired and jaded. May it ne'er,
Too busy, seek t' unloose the golden band
That Heaven has sweetly bound around its sons;
The rosy chaplet of the prosy week,
The blossom of the earth, the bud of heaven.

Few things have turned so many feet aside
From duty and religion in their youth,
As sabbath disrespect. When once, alas,

The sabbath lever raises not the week,
What shall ennoble life ?

Beware of him
Who dares habitually to speak or act
Without due reverence for this holy day,
Nor e'er allow thyself in anything
That tends to vulgarize its hallowed hours.
Still use it for its noblest purposes,
A strengthening, elevating, lever day,
Giving a tone and colour to the rest.

THE GREATNESS OF THE LITTLE.

Be wise in small, unnoticeable things,
And true in little actions. Ponder well
The greatness of the little. A loose stone
May jeopardize a mansion, and a spark
Peril a regal city. The wild flood
That desolates a district, 'tis but this—
An aggregation of minutest drops;
The foaming cataract that roars along—
But gathered runnels from the snow-clad hills;
And the entombing avalanche, that shrouds
The unsuspecting villagers beneath,
But congregated snow-flakes.

All is great,
Nothing is really little. A man's smile
Shall indicate his spirit, though his soul
Behind a solemn look would hide itself.
So a besetting sin, howe'er enwrapped
Within the heart's most secret folds, shall peep,
And show its monstrous features unto all;
The sly coiled lust betray its serpent head,
And the ill habit, howsoe'er concealed,
Shall brand thy every feature with its mark.

By fractions piled the merchant builded up
His business and his fortune: venal faults
Utterly ruined the proud millionaire.
By the omission of a trifling act
The able general lost the victory;
By an unnoticed petty stratagem
The admiral dispersed the adverse fleet.
The giant perished—poisoned by a grain;
And he who thrice had braved the battle-field
Was choked by a poor seed.

Stern, iron world,
Nothing in thee is little. Th' very ant
His shadow casts, and ev'n the atom leaves
Its impress round about it; everything
Is strangely vital, and the meanest hath
Long and undying roots. Upon the earth
Each son of Adam leaves his footprint plain,
And in its huge imperishable leaves
Each passing mortal writes his signature.

Pause then awhile, young brother, till thou feel'st
How great are little things. Thy smallest acts
Are quietly congealing even now
Into unthawing habits, therefore deem
No thought or action little, for the least
Is grave and solemn. 'Twas no bulky stone—
Yet it hath ringed the lake, and yonder waves,
Small though they be, shall into others melt,
Till the momentum reach the furthest shore.

Nothing is little. He but signed a bond,
And that one single act destroyed his trade,
And beggared all his family. He wrote
Just on a parchment a mere signature,
And he was hangèd for the forgery.
'Twas but a word, and the affianced pair
Ne'er met each other more; a simple look,
And the fast friends became defiant foes.
It was the eddying feather that betrayed
The pathway of the wind, the simple straw
That showed th' set o' th' current. The tall ship
Sank through the small unnoticed leak, the wound
Through which life ebbed away was only made
By a poor pin. He uttered but a thought,
And it became a proverb to a state;
He wrote a sentence in a studious mood,—
It was a saying for a hemisphere.

I thought on man, in all his pride matured,
And all, I saw, were but the fettered slaves
Of an invisible giant. Some there were
Who dreamed of freedom, but his heavy chain
Was fast upon them. Whether, like the birds,
They sung i' th' branches with sun-gazing eye,
Or, swine-like, champed the dusty mast below,
In thought, word, action, they his bidding did,
Although unwittingly. The drunken wretch,
Steeped in his sottishness; the profligate,
Embruted by his lewdness; the sour churl,
Loving no other god beside his gold;
The sickly artist, pale and eagle-eyed,

Earnest admirer of the beautiful;
The Christian, with his reverence for the true—
All bowed before his feet, his herded slaves.
And who, methought, is this despotic king,
Who rules these myriads undisputedly?
And straight his name was whispered in my ear,
Can it be other than *Necessity?*

I pondered o'er this giant's history,
And thought on man in uncongealèd youth:
Surely the monster was not then so strong,
Nor then his chain so heavy. Younger men
At least, are not so hopelessly enthralled,
Sure greater freedom is in boyish years.
Yes, I concluded, it is surely so—
This man-enslaver's name was *Habit* once.

Again I thought upon this giant's birth,
And man in plastic childhood. Surely then
He was still less enthralled; his tyrant's chain
Was then the merest web of gossamer.
There is less bondage still in childhood then,
And ev'n this giant was a pigmy once.
Yea, *Tendency*, I cried—unnoticed babe!—
'Tis *it* hath grown to this *Necessity.*

Oh hopeful youth, thy first beginnings heed,
For ah, how pregnant and how grave is life!
Weigh well the end, deem nothing small or mean,
For habits have a strange vitality,
And many a ponderous and massive gate

Hangs on a little hinge. No vassalage
Is half so hopeless and debased as his,
The slave of a vile habit. Many sigh,
But all in vain, for unreturning youth;
See to it, therefore, that thy chosen ship
Be bound for no wrong port. Yon molten mass
That seems to hunger for a settled shape,
Is thine own image: yonder moulded thing
Shadows thy future; thou'lt be fixed, like it,
Never to be re-cast.

Keep well thine eye,
Young helmsman, on the compass and the tack.
What is the sea, but drops; the hill, but grains?
Tomorrow's habits are but to-day's acts;
And character is but propensity,
Confirmed and strengthened into habitude.
Watch jealously those bright and fairy flowers
That silently are wreathing round thine heart,
Anon they petrify. The tendency,
So soft to-day, tomorrow will congeal
Into the stony thing, necessity;
And the slow-gathering rain-drops presently
Become a wild and rushing cataract.
Once the hard ore was fluid, once the coal
A mass of bending boughs and tender leaves.
Ages have passed, but see how fresh is still
The footprint of the mammoth, and the clay
Bears the plain impress of the kissing fern
Ages before the Flood; yon sandstone's spots
Tell of the slanting shower that pelted down

Ere Adam walked the earth. Thou cherishest
A strange mysterious creature in thy breast,—
An overshadowing angel, to protect,
Or else a black-winged devil, to consume.
Who shall befriend him who, in spite of all,
Persists in being his own enemy?
It doth not need a sea to drown a man;
If thou neglect the friendly crimson light
That glares before thee on the rail of life,
And suffer thy ill actions to congeal
To habit's adamant, thy fate is sealed,
Remediless, like the flame-circling fly;
A human straw, still eddying round and round
Destruction's narrowing vortex.

Sit thee down,
And I will tell thy fortune, if thou wish;
Not from the erring lines within thy hand,
But rather from the habits of thy life:
For still the child doth surely prophesy
Of manhood, even as the bud o' th' blossom,
And youth throws forward its long shadows far
On the dim path of age. Forget it not,
"We *may*" is but the privilege of youth,
"We *must*" is the stern iron law of age.
Thrice cursèd art thou if it find thee chained
To error and to evil: oh how blest,
If when it cometh it shall find thee safe,
Fast linked to goodness, rivetted to God!

WORK.

Thou liv'st, young brother—oh forget it not—
Under the law—the blessed law—of toil;
And this fair world which thou inhabitest,
Is the Almighty's workshop. Play the man,
If happiness or honour thou wouldst gain,
For neither he deserves who dares to live
In listless indolence. Around thee lie,
In God's great wondrous storehouse, tools enough,
And raw material waiting for thy skill.
With earnestness, stout heart and willing hand
Enrol thee therefore in the noble ranks
Of earth's thrice-dignified achievers.

Work!
What conquests it hath won, what triumphs gained!
It pencilleth the chaste and fair design;
Weaves the fine fragile texture; it builds up
The tall palatial warehouse, large and strong,
For plodding merchant princes; it tracks out
The stealthy ore in its unsunnèd bed,
And fires th' unyielding rock.

The workman, man,
With what strange marvels hath he sown the earth!
'Tis he disarms the chargèd thunder-cloud,
And tames the lightning. To the sun he sits
For portraiture, and doth constrain his beams
To chronicle the fleeting hours. The wind
To speed him to his haven he compels.
He charges straight the electricity
To bear his messages, and harnesses
Unto his chariot-wheels the elements.
With the sharp scalpel of observancy
He doth dissect the very soul of things.
He studies earth's strange physiognomy,
And bores—and not uncertainly—for gold;
He seeks from out its entrails, auguries
About its history, birth, and baptism,
And traces to its distant rocky home
The travelled boulder. From the fossil things
Safe cabinetted in the chalky cliff
He worms the secrets of a former age.
He calculates the years of oldest hills,
Tells the grey granite-ribbèd mountain's age,
Gauges the spanless heavens, and reckons up
The mileage of the universe. He maps
The annulated mountains of the moon,
Draws every wrinkle on old Tycho's[28] face,
Measures th' untrodden journey to the sun,
Tracks the coy star, and surely prophesies
The vagrant comet's path and its return.
He peers into the water-drop—that world!—
Dissects th' atomic monad; from a bone
Tells where and how the iguanodon lived,

And pencils out the strange colossal form
Of the unwieldly megatherium.

He clears the tangled forest, saith to earth
"Feed me." He levels the sun-hiding hill,
Changes the river's course; he bores the rock,
Arches the torrent, bridges o'er the vale,
Waters the gaping desert, drains the marsh,
Makes him a garden in the wilderness,
And nurses weeds to loveliness and use.
He laughs at wind and tide, the curling steam
Doth his behest, the fetid vapour waits
T' illuminate his darkness; for himself
He maketh chambers deep beneath the sea.
He steers him northward all unerringly,
Counselled and taught by the magnetic steel.
He turns adown the cavern, damp and dim,
A stream of sunlight; he lays down his lines
Deep in the sea-bed, and the distant shore
Echoes his faintest whisper. On he glides
Along his iron pathway, like a thought,
Straight to his destination; calculates
The area of the hurricane; worms out
The law o' th' raging storm. He bores, and deep,
In earth's black depths, and bids the fossil woods
Warm his cold shivering limbs: th' unsightly stone—
He melts it down to crystal; and detects
The subtle poison i' th' long-buried corpse.

With his accustomed eye and practised hand
He hews the stubborn marble to a shape;

And lo the undraped beauty stands confess'd
Panting beneath his chisel. Fast he grips
The bodyless idea and coy thought,
Daguerrotyped for ever in yon book;
And with his thinkings builds a bulky tome,
Hewn from the quarry of his brain.

The king.

Great as his station was, in earlier days,
Ere earth was fooled by Fashion and by Pride,
Guided the plough, yea, dug the stony soil,
Compelled the grudging soil to nourish him,
Nor e'en disdained himself to tend his flock.
He, too, the wondrous Nazarene—ev'n he,
He was a workman, he the Model man,
And cloaked behind the humble carpenter
His ill-concealed divinity; the hand
That made the world used then the saw and plane.
Nor sought he his disciples from the great,
But from th' enduring hardy sons of toil
Chose out the favoured twelve. He taught the proud;
But specially rejoiced that to the poor,
The sweating fishers of blue Galilee,
His kind consoling lessons were addressed.

Denounce not, therefore, work as drudgery,
Nor bear it as a sad necessity:
Hath not thy Maker placed the motto "Work"
Before thee on life's lintel? Every limb,
Each impulse, faculty, aloud proclaim
He formed thee for a worker. The great world

Is full of work, and everything therein
Finds in it its best blessedness. The bee
Sings at his task throughout the summer day;
The beaver banks his home beside the stream
With human ingenuity; yon isle
Was builded up upon its coral beams
Out of the ocean by the madrepore.
Wouldst be a zoophite in God's working world?
Rest hath no relish for right-minded men,
And how much worse is death than idleness?

However great the purse may be, the hand—
That is the truest noble. He who hath
Work he *can* do, thrice independent he:
He who hath work he *must* do, is twice blessed,
For he is safe and happy. To thy toil
Harness thyself; let not thy shoulder wince
At duty's pressing collar; train thy hand,
And see thy every finger be bedecked
With that best jewel—capability;
For wistfully Desire may eye the goal,
But Effort gains the crown.

Work, after all,
Best circulates the blood; none eat and sleep
As workers do. Work is the sauce of life,
'Tis the prime pleasure, the true interest,
The chiefest duty after worshipping.
Pleasure abridges, but work lengthens, life:
It lends a colour to life's picture, gives
Fresh vigour to the limb; and healthfulness

To the whole man. 'Tis a well-spring of joy,
It is itself an inspiration;
It curbs ill passions, cherishes the good,
It exercises patience and self-trust,
And multiplies high capabilities.
'Tis the peace-keeper in the family,
The watchman in the city; the gold band,
The solder of society.

Ev'n in heaven—
That nightless world—will there be no work there?
For what, then, are we thus by God endowed
With all these powers and capabilities?
Why thus so tediously do we graduate
Through this stern college of endurance—earth?
Are we not training for far nobler deeds,
Higher achievements? Surely yonder heaven
Is no mere dreamland, no still waveless pool,
No sunny isle of abject indolence.
Surely the blessed law of work will be
Unabrogated in the coming world.

Work is religious, even as worship is;
The prayer of effort is not meaningless.
Rebel not 'gainst thy higher nature then,
Nor stunt nor weaken thy best energies.
Not only in thy seventh-day rest rejoice,
But in thy six-days' labour. God himself
Honours the hand, and blesses earnest toil,
And never, never yet refused the yarn
To him who sought to spin.[29]

Come glance with me
Round the wide gallery of the past awhile.
This was no sorry tilth; those noble forms,
They were no mean achievers. This one built
A fortune upon nothing, that man stamped
His impress on his age. This won himself
Outduring reputation, that one made
His name a synonym of charity.
This self-taught peasant rained upon the world
Enduring thoughts; that, wormed his tortuous way
To the arcana of the universe.
See, from the warp and woof of health and time,
What glorious—what romantic—things have sprung.

Work is the word that makes so meaningful
Th' involved and prosy paragraph of life.
Were there no work, this many-wheeled machine
Would rust away from very indolence;
Or wearying pleasure soon exhaust the man,
And flare poor life's short candle. Blessed work
Is thus conservative of health and strength,
Economises ev'n the very powers
It still so largely uses; lengthens out
The thread of man's existence upon earth,
And elevates his nature and his lot.

THE INNER MAN.

Thy outer man—thou knowest it full well,
Its nature, wants, peculiarities.
How anxious art thou for its healthfulness,
How jealous for its welfare! Half thou hast
Thou'dst be content to part with, could it serve
To lengthen its duration. For its food,
Its lodgment and its clothing, thou dost toil
Anxious, unintermittingly. Thy plans
Are for its welfare; and thy thoughtfulness,
All for its many needs. Most carefully
Thou keep'st the record of its yesterdays,
Notest its varying bulk, minutely mark'st
Its still increasing stature, and with grief
Sigh'st o'er its wrinkles and its greying hairs.

Yet what is, after all, the outer man,
But the mere husk of the true man within?
The fragile habitation for an hour
Of him the strange eternal; the frail tent
Where lodges the mysterious fleshless king;
The mean automaton that apes the man,
Moved by the master hand behind the scene?

Within is he, the wondrous shapeless one,
Whom no man seeth or hath ever seen.
In undivorceable companionship
His is a constant presence, day and night,
Yet are his lineaments unknown to thee.
He slumbers not, for lidless are his eyes;
Needs not thy viands, scorns thy heapèd gold,
Heeds not thy board, and loathes thy luxuries.
He cares for neither title nor degree,
For what is dignity or place to him?
Wilt thou adorn his temples with a crown,
Or deck his shoulders with an ermined robe;
Offer a regal palace for his home,
A province for his park? The poison cup
Destroys him not, and famine leaves him strong;
He stands unharmed amid the pestilence,
The sword and bullet were not meant for him.
He understands not danger, for he boasts
A charmed existence, daily gathers strength
Ev'n while the body sinks to native dust;
Yea, from the cinders of a burning world
Would rise in lusty juvenility.

Stern and unbribeable, he will not be
Cajoled by any of thy sophistries.
Thou canst not buy his verdict for the wrong,
Nor palm upon him a base counterfeit.
Thou canst not blind him by expediency,
Or hoodwink him with int'rest. He will speak,
Close, as thou wilt, thine ear, ; reprove thee still,
Though thou refuse to listen or to heed.

This is the wondrous one within thy breast
Whose thinkings grow and blossom into words;
Whose will is father of thy every act.
What are mere words compared with thoughts; what acts,
With their parental will? The outer man
Is but the shadow, wondrous though he be,
Of the indwelling Titan.

Think on him
Oft, seriously, and long. With care compute
His weight and measure, for all silently
He even now is gravitating down
To his eternal place; is winging up
To heaven's pearl gates, or ballasting for hell.
Care for the outer man, but ne'er forget
How earthy and how perishing he is;
Care for the inner rather, since he lives
A still unending life.'

Ah were we wise
Far oftener should we pause awhile, and think
On the mysterious tenant that we house.
How many ills and providences strange
The thought might help t' unravel. How 't would blunt
The barb of pain, and sugar the sour cup
Of pinching poverty! Transform at once
The starless night of tears to moonlit peace,
And bridge the welkin of the sorrowing
With the bright bow of comfortable hope!

Oh fool of fools is he who, pampering up

His meaner nature, big with sumless cares
Of eating, drinking, dress, and company,
Can find no time to think of his lean soul,
And feed his stunted spirit. Scarcely less
Would be his folly who should tend his trees
With sleepless care, watch anxiously his flowers,
Repair his furniture and paint his house,
Yet miserably starve himself within.

KING THOUGHT.

Lag not behind among unthinking men,
But walk i' th' van of things; still well abreast
Of all the onward movements of thy age.
'Tis sad to think how many live t' impede
The world's progression, clinging to the past
With all the doggedness of ignorance,
As though it were a deadly sin to be
Wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

Few things so scarce as thinking; learn to think,
And often be alone. Thought makes us wise,
It has a moral wholesomeness, and lifts
The man from out the sensual and th' impure:
The thinker seldom is a vicious man.
How great the pleasure of deep serious thought,
The dignity of mental kingship, is!
The thinker is the wealthiest after all,
The truest nobleman, the greatest lord,
And hath a stature above common men.

Be thoughtful, if thine impress thou wouldst stamp
On thy surrounding fellows; thought is king
Ev'n of the monarch, ruler ev'n of law,

The sceptre to which all things earthly bow.
Thought is the regal lord of clamorous Speech,
And noisy-footed Action; leader, sire
Of each high deed and noble enterprise.
The thoughtful—he it is that rules; and seals
With his right regal crest the common wax
That meaner men are made of. Canst thou think?
Thou hast no puny sceptre in thine hand;
But if thou'rt thoughtless, then go herd with them,
The branded slaves, who wait i' th' market-place
To drudge for any fool.

Not truest kings
Were they—the thronèd and the sceptred throng,
Who led their troops to battle, made decrees,
And stamped their image on the plastic coin.
These were the kings—who thought the noble thoughts
In that thrice-regal volume, dreamed the dreams
In that great poem, spoke those sentiments
I' th' senate, wrote that leader stern
I' th' world-read paper.

The grave thoughtful man—
Men haunt his hearth, and congregate to him;
They wait for his opinion, they refer
To him, as arbiter in all disputes;
And enter on no project, form no plan,
Without his approbation. Calmly wise,
He gently disentangles the gnarled skein,
Sees through th' opaqueness, and the mist dispels;
Suggests, advises, modifies, explains,

And where was hatred, strife, litigiousness,
Sows concord, justice, unity, and peace.

Thoughts are stern pregnant things; strange vital seeds
That blossom into actions. None is mean,
The least is freighted with eternity:
It may be heaven or hell i' th' bud to thee.
A good thought!—What a mighty sea of strength
To separate from evil! A bad thought!—
What a strong link to ruin and to woe!

Strange thoughts, and not the purest, oft may come
Unbidden to thy mind, and woe to thee
Shouldst thou be empty or ungarrisoned
With pure and holy thoughts to conquer them.
But thoughts of evil are not evil thoughts,
At least are not so necessarily:
It is the entertainment of bad thoughts
That constitutes the sin. Ah, house them not:
Howe'er unnoticed, coiled up i' th' dark,
They will all shameless soon or late grow bold,
And at thy door or casement show themselves,
To thy confusion.

Scorn not a first thought,
It is the heart's unstudied utterance:
Nor, if thou wisely wouldst decide, refuse
To listen to a second. Folly once,
And Caution twice, but Wisdom thinks three times.

Neglect not, then, thy mental man. With books,

With conversation, lectures, travelling,
Nourish and feed him into healthful strength,
That thou mayst herd not with the thoughtless ones,
Where coiled abuses, error, ignorance,
Oppression, cruelty, all nestled close,
Spread o'er the world their misery and woe.

Perchance thou'rt not a genius, canst not write
Thought-wealthy books, thou art not eloquent,—
Hast no wide-surging, sparkling, blinding thoughts.
Yet be content: if thou hast common sense
Thou hast an attribute that orators,
And poets too, oft need; a heavenly gift,
More useful far for hourly purposes,
And all the common needs of daily life,
And more conducive to thy happiness,
Than all the genius the world ever knew.

There is a luxury in earnest thought,
Th' unthinking little dream of. Happy he
Who, holding sweet communion with himself,
Roving the fields of ideality,
Feels not his loneliness, though all alone,
Nor craves an endless multitude of books
T' amuse his listless mind. The daisied field,
The garden or the wood, alike shall be
For him a study; everything around,
The flower, the tree, the birds, the running brooks,—
All are to him materials for thought,
All minister a pure delight to him,
Yea, never-failing pleasure. Grief may come,

Death's cold eclipse conceal his full-orbed joy,
Sickness may pale his cheek, loss pinch his purse,
But thought shall be for him an antidote
To most of earth's disquietness, a charm
To lull the hateful enemy to sleep,
And lighten ev'n the heaviest load of ills.

LOVE.[30]

Love is the mother virtue, the banyan
In the wide wood of graces: the top rail
In the tall ladder of religiousness;
Man's high distinction, noblest faculty,
The apex of the Christian pyramid,
The sun in all the moral firmament,
The name and glory of th' Eternal One.

She suffers, suffers long, yet is she still
Kindly affectioned to her very foes;
Ill-usage, even, scarcely moveth her,
Or only unto pity and to prayer.
There's no revenge or gall in all her heart,
And therefore there is honey on her lip,
And with a blessing she doth still return
The railing of the cruel: well avenged,
Can she but serve her persecuting foes,
And act the friend towards her enemies.

She envies not—the rich man his domain,
The titled man his dignity, the famed
His genius, no, nor envies ev'n the good
His covetable virtues: she looks not

With jealous eye on their superior gifts,
Nor views their envied owners all askant.
Glorious are gifts, but how responsible
Are they that boast them: therefore on her own,
However humble, she doth look content,
And on the gifts of others with good-will.
What matters who doth own them, she or they,
So that the gifts and powers be used aright?

She longeth not to perch and stilt herself
Amid her crouching mates; is not of those
To whom distinction and the highest place
Is—base ambition! a necessity,
And who are neither good nor great enough
To fall with grace or comfort to the rear.
She is no bloated, puffed-up arrogant,
Big with conceit of her imagined powers,
Inflated, like some holiday balloon,
With its own nothingness. No cuckoo she,
For ever syllabling her own dear name;
Too modest to select herself for text.

Not rudely she behaveth; she hath learned
The good should illustrate gentility:
Too loving is her bosom to allow
Her any act to be unmannerly.
She shuns not haughtily the son of need,
Nor cringes sneakingly beside the rich;
But graceful are her manners, for her heart
Is gentle, kindly, and considerate.

She hath no crooked bye-ends : pure in aim,
She is unselfish in her purposes ;
Intent to serve and aggrandize herself
In serving others. No exactor she,
Rigid litigiously, unjustly just;
But waives ev'n her own rights, and takes least thought
For her own int'rest. Their prosperity
Sums up her satisfaction ; her best joy
In her dear neighbour's welfare she hath found.

Patient, unruffled, she is not provoked : [31]
The planned deliberate insult, the barbed word,
The sticking nickname, the base calumny,
The sly malignant whisper, the foul slur,
The heartless sarcasm—these, and more than these,
With patience and with pity she can bear;
And Wrong's rude foot but crushes from her heart
The fragrant perfume of forgiving love.
She hath no ingenuity to frame
Or forge an ill report, she cradles not
(Scorning the hearsays of the gaping world)
Evil surmisings, neither can suspect
That motives may be any worse than acts.
She dares not to denounce a virtuous deed
The child of sinister or selfish aim.
Nor looks she upon others with distrust:
Unapt to aggravate iniquity,
She hath for slander neither heart nor ear,
Nor listens to the foul defamer's tale.

She hath no appetite for evil news,

But gladdens at the tidings of success
Of even those who hate her. She laments
(How bitterly!) injustice, fraud, and wrong,
But her large heart rejoicingly expands
To hear of truth, and uprightness, and good.

She wears not, as a cherished ornament,
The failing of a neighbour. Many a fault
Her Father lovingly hides every day;
And should she waste her powers and golden time
In petrifying follies? No; alas,
The scavengers of evil are enow,
And never is there lack of trumpeters
To advertise iniquity. With tears
The sin she cannot hinder she conceals,
And the putrescence with a sigh entombs.

How credulous she is to good reports,
How unsuspecting to a fair surmise!
She waits not for the fullest evidence;
Still ready with her verdict, "Innocent,"
The white ball is already in her hand,
While yet the trial is in infancy.
The evidence is adverse, bold is he
Who votes for an acquittal. Spite of all
She hopes still good, yea, and believes the best;
Her ear is open more to the defence
Than to the accusation: her sweet heart
Some palliating circumstance suggests.

Lo, Persecution hounds her gentle steps;

Detraction, like a shadow, haunts her side;
Reproach—he seeks for opportunity
To pour his bitter torrent after her;
Suspicion questions what her motives are,
And Envy searches for her slot i' th' sand;
Contempt scarce condescends her a reply,
Nor bids her a good-morrow. This, and more,
She with unruffled temper still endures,
And braves it all with calm serenity.

Oh wondrous is the excellence of love!
Little desired, yet how desirable!
Station and power are good; possessions, wealth,
Wit, wisdom, genius, knowledge, eloquence:
But love—how far superior to all!

Have love, young brother; it will be to thee
A daily settled sunshine in thine heart,
A blessèd and felt influence for good
Throughout thy circle, a new element
Of happy satisfaction to thy breast:
An added glory and a dignity
In thy hereafter in a nobler world—
The home of love. Love, after all, is truth,
If men would but believe it. Soon, alas,
The moon of knowledge wanes, but love's bright star,
That never, never sets. Wealth is to some,
And genius adds distinction to a few,
But love may be the ornament of all.

FRIENDSHIPS.

Choose cautiously thy friend, observe him well
Ere thou admit him to thy confidence:
But having proved his worth, then hold him fast,
For friends are hard to get, but easy lost.

Be not ambitious of great friends, at least
No servile seeker for their friendliness.
Unequal friendships are of transient date;
The one must fawn, the other condescend:
Therefore from thine own equals choose thy friend.

Like famed Aladdin with his wondrous lamps,
Many are ever ready to exchange
Old friends for new, but shun their fickleness.
That friendship which hath stood the trial well,
Despise it not; and weary not of him
Thy father called his friend.[32] There are, alas,
Friends that will never wear, and friendship is
In many but a semblance.[33]

Him avoid,
Who talks of women with contemptuousness:
True men will reverence their parentage,

And no man ever yet despised the sex
Who had not wronged it first.

Respect thy friend;
Familiarity begets contempt,
And they who often meet should watch with care
Lest disrespectful words, or even looks,
Estrange two trustful bosoms. Many a friend
Has fled for ever at a foolish jest.
True love is ever sensitive, and bears
Aught better than indifference or neglect.
Trifle not therefore with thy friend's regard,
Nor play with his affections: lord it not,
Assume not a superior air; but love,
Candour, esteem, and thorough confidence,
Give, as thou wouldst receive them. Be not slow
T' acknowledge thy friend's service or his gift,
Nor underrate it as a thing of course:
Return him, with good interest, his own,
For kindnesses should be memorials
To grateful men. And weary not thy friend
With thy too-frequent presence; absence, too,
May in its season not ungraceful be,
And even silence sometimes well become
The warmest, truest friendship. If thy friend
Should have, however, need of thee, then haste,
The first to counsel and assist him; friends
Are far less for the sunshine than the storm,
And he who flies his friend when in distress
Deserves to perish friendless and alone.

Take heed of friendships with the other sex,
For friendship is mistaken oft for love.
Love is soon kindled in a maiden's heart,
Therefore with her affections trifle not,
For ev'n a look may be a solemn vow;
A glance, avowal unequivocal.
An unfledged youth wooed a poor trustful girl:
She blushed consent, already her fond heart
Twined round him as a husband. But the youth,
Thoughtless[34] and fickle, mingled with the world;
Others he saw, superior to her
In beauty,—and in wealth. He paused, re-thought;
Neglected, left her, his first love, his choice,
Chose now for gold, and grew respectable.
But he had blighted a warm truthful heart.
Deeply had wronged a guileless loving girl,
And thoughtlessly inflicted a sad wound
No after-love could ever fully heal.

Expect not to find many bosom friends,
Yet let their number not decrease with age;
For ah how many currents, in this world,
Sever continually ev'n living friends.
A fresh locality, a higher sphere,
An altered income—ah what trifling things
Estrange fast friends for ever. The warm grasp
Cools to a formal nod; a tall stout wall—
A wall of nothings—now alas divides
The sworn and bosom friends.

Art hungering,
And vainly, for a friend? Remember 'tis
Only th' unloving that are long unloved.[35]
He was the very model of a friend,
That king's son—greater, better than a king.
Sit down, and study his devotedness,
His self-denying love. Deserve a friend,
As he did, and be sure 'twill not be long
That Jonathan a David seeks in vain.

Show thyself friendly, loving unto all,
Still ready-handed both to help and serve:
An enemy to none. Unreckoning, warm,
Self-immolated at the shrine of love,
Confiding, unsuspicious, zealous, kind.
Be wise, be prudent, and be circumspect;
But have a manly faith in human-kind,
And freeze not with a shrug thy fellow-man,
Who yearns to love and trust thee. He who doubts,
Pauses, considers, niggard of his hand,
Trusts little, and trusts few, may find at last,
When most he needs them, that he hath no friends:
While others, far more loveable, have found,
Or, winsome, made perhaps, a phalanx firm,
To shelter them in trouble's darksome hour,
Or soothe at least their poignant miseries.

WITHIN THE MEANS.

As thou lov'st freedom, and preferrest peace,
And ratest independence above price,
As thou dost value an unsoilèd name,
And aim'st at true respectability,
Give not desire the rein,[36] nor run the race
With every ostentatious challenger.

Reckon thine income, keep expense within,[37]
And be not anxious for appearances;
Content though thou be last in fashion's race.
The praise or blame of fools is little worth,
And if thou'rt poor 'tis better far to live
Courageously, as honest poor man should,
Than sneak unbidden in at rich men's doors,
As wealthier than thou art. 'Tis better shine
Feebly, a dim and all-unnoticed star,
Than, rocket-like, go blazing up the sky,
And rush to ruin.

Oh beware of debt:
It crushes out the manhood of a man,
Robs his bright eye of boldness, cheats his limbs
Of elasticity, unnerves his hand,

Beclouds his judgment, dulls his intellect,
Perils his uprightness, and stains his name,
And minifies him to his fellow men,
Yea, far worse degradation, to himself.

Who hath the hurried step, the anxious eye;
Avoids the public haunt and open street;
And anxious waits for evening? Restlessly
Tosses upon his bed, and dreads th' approach
O' th' tell-tale morning sunlight? Who, unmanned,
Starts at the sudden knock, and shrinks with dread
Ev'n at his own shadow; shuns with care
The stranger's look, skulks from his fellow's glance,
And sees in every man a creditor?

The debtor—he is only half a man,
He saddens and estranges his chief friends,
Burdens his dearest relatives: he hears
In vain the stranger's tale, the widow's prayer,
And sends away the orphan all unalmsed.
None dares to place him in a post of trust,
And business men regard him with a shrug.

If thou art wooing, friend, beware, beware,
Lest thou be linkèd to a spendthrift wife.
Not all the husband's effort, care and thrift
Can countervail a wife's extravagance.[38]

"Owe no man aught." Stand in the world erect,
And lean alone upon thyself and God.
Th' habitual borrower will be ever found

Wicked, or weak, or both. Sweat, study, stint,
Yea, rather anything than meanly owe.
Let thine own honest hands feed thee and thine,
And if not thy friend's purse, at least respect
Thine own sweet independence.

A good house
Is no uncovetable thing: large rooms,
Servants, gay drapery, new furniture,
Nor undesired, nor undesirable.
But first take counsel of thy income; wait,
Till prudence speak in the affirmative.
Too dear thou purchasest these luxuries
If peace and independence be their price.
Such things to other men perchance may be
A credit, a necessity; to thee,
If thou canst not afford them, but a shame.

Have fewest wants: the book, however good,
Thou shouldst not purchase, let it go unbought;
And fashion's vests by thee be all unworn.
Soon luxuries become necessities,
But self-denying thrift more joy affords
Than all the pleasures of extravagance.
A cottage free from clamorous creditors,
Is better than a mansion dunned; a coat,
However darned, if paid for, hath an ease,—
And a respectability beside,—
Gay, ill-afforded vests can never boast.

Oh 'tis a mean and an unmanly thing

To be the slave of fashion. Still to spend,
To plan, arrange, increase and beautify,
Forespend one's income, hamper one's estate,
Peril one's honour, pauperise one's heirs,
All that, forsooth, one's neighbours round may cry,
"How beautiful, how grand!"[39]

However cheap,
Whate'er thou want'st not, buy not. That is dear,
A mere extravagant impertinence,
For which thou hast no need. Feel first the want
Ere it be satisfied: bargains full oft
Are money-wasting things, that prudent men
Will keep afar from with suspicious eye;
Perchance to any but of little use,
And to themselves, most likely none at all.

The habit of economy once formed,
'Tis easy to attain to prosperous things.
Thou then shalt lend, not borrow; shalt not want
A helping trifle when thy friend hath need,
Or means to seize the opportunity,
Seed-coin, t' ensure a harvest. Thou shalt then
Want not an alms for pinching poverty;
And though a sudden sickness dam the stream,
And cut off thy supplies, thou shalt lie down
And view thy morrows with a tranquil eye;
Even benumbing age shall scare thee not,
But find thee unindebted, and secure
From all the penury and wretchedness
That dog the footsteps of improvidence.

THE BOW UNSTRUNG.

A MAN's attention business may absorb,
But leisure manifests his preferences:
So will thy inmost tendencies peep out
Amid amusements, that would scarce be seen
By long observance of thy duteous course.

Cease sometimes from thy toil, and give thyself
Leisure for relaxation, that thy powers
Be not o'erworked; yet crave not thou, unwise,
Completest rest, for the mind needs it not:
A change of occupation—that is rest
Sufficient for thy nature.

Do thy limbs
Hunger for exercise? Defraud them not;
Thy body is the tent of thy great soul.
Leave sometimes, then, the city for the field;
Sometimes the field for th' city. Canst thou stride
The pawing courser, skim the frozen lake,
Feather the oar, or trim the bellying sail,
Guard well the wicket, breast the swollen wave?
All these are healthful and medicinal,
And to thy brow will add a confidence,

And self-reliance to thy character.
Laughter-provoking books and cheerful friends
Are good, and sometimes no mean medicine;
For joy and gladness add fresh strength to man,
And he who nurtures not a gladsome heart
Will scarce be an achiever.

If thou canst,—
Enriched with means and opportunity,—
Travel, for it is reading, yea, and more.
The world and man are no mean senseless books,
And he who can without improvement read
Indeed is a dull scholar. Yet rove not
For travel' sake, or thou mayst wander on,
And endlessly; but travel to return.
Observe, in order to improve thyself;
And gather up opinions, that thine own
May be the more correct.

Enrich thyself
With all accomplishments a man may have,
That leisure may not find thee unemployed.
Happy is he who hath within himself
His satisfactions, who puts not away
His pleasures with his harness, but can look,
When business is done and friends are far,
Within for his amusement. Winter eves,
However long, are not too long for him:
He looks within for his companionship;
In reading, music, drawing, he can spend,
Pleasant and inexpensive, all the hours;

And needs no betting room, nor tavern song,
Nor gaming table, with its feverish charms,
T' amuse his leisure.

Be thou temperate,
Yea, and in all things. Shun the tempting glass,
And tavern company. The beaded wine
Sparkles with ruby lustre in the cup,
Another and another—toast on toast!
Night wanes, but yet the drinkers are not gone:
Oh how inspiring is the juiceful grape,
What poetry there is in sparkling wine!
But fresh and yellow morning blushes in,
And shames the dull lights in the stifling room;
More the blear eyes of that pale unmanned crew.
The joy is gone, the reason, dignity—
All but the prose of a beclouded eye,
A brain all misty, and a palsied hand.

Whate'er thy pleasures and amusements are,
Let them be such as shall ennoble thee,[40]
And elevate thy nature: levers all
To raise thee; to improve thy strength and health,
To nerve and purify and cheer thy mind,
And lift thy prone affections unto heaven.

Mingle not pleasure with thy business,
Nor trifling with thy study. Nothing well
Was e'er accomplished by half-heartedness.
Do all thou hast with all thy energy,
Whether thou work or play. Some men there are

Who play at work, and feebly waste their time,
Toying with labour most ingloriously,
And ripening nothing. Let thy work be work,[41]
Do it "with all thy might," nor spare thyself,
Till th' impetuous arrow hits the mark.
Then may the bow with honour be unstrung,
For use another day; the battle o'er,
The soldier piles his arms upon the plain,
And gives himself to slumber and to peace.

THE STRANGE WOMAN.

She lurks at the street corner, and with smiles
And soft endearing words—rehearsed full oft—
Accosts with wooing air the passer-by.
She apes the manner of the chaste and pure,
And hath the mincing gait of modesty;
But impudently doth she stare at men,
And measure every stranger with her eye.
Her very feet proclaim her shamelessness,
Her look betrays the wanton.

Heed her not;
Or if thou fain must swell the silly herd,
The "void of understanding" and "the fool"
Whose feet still wear her threshold, ponder first
The fowler's trap that lures the brainless bird.
Here is her vaunted home—her pleasure-house:
Lo, what grim skeletons, what heapèd bones!
There lies a man who, but for her, had been
Laurelled among his fellows; here rots one—
Ignoble heap! the candle of whose life
Was guttured down by lust: that skull was his
Whose name might else have ranked with honoured ones,
A synonym of greatness. Here was wealth
Unspigotted, fame tarnished, honour stained,

Here purity defiled, and strength entombed,
Manhood degraded, youth abused, sense fooled,
Reason bewitched, and intellect bedimmed.
Art rich? She will impoverish thy estate:
Noble? Eclipse thy full-orbed dignity.

Heed not her blandishments, but close thine ear
To her protested love. She bares her breast
To any buyer; zoneless are her charms,
All ticketed: small preference hath she,
But for the highest bidder. Him she calls
Her favourite—how in heart she scorns the fool!
Long hath the honey of her woman's heart
Been turned to gall by sensuality,
And that persuasive tongue now hides, alas,
The bitter and deceitful. Ugly lust
Hath all unsexed her; though a female still,
No more a woman. By an alchemy
Fearful and strange, her crystal love hath changed
Ev'n to this black precipitate of hate,
And all her nature become bestial.
Wouldst thou excel in knowledge; wouldst thou add
To boyhood, manhood, and to manhood age,
Gather respect in life, regret in death,
Escape disease, disgrace? Fly wantonness,
Beware of sensuality. Thy strength—
What, give it to a whore? Thy reputation—
Commit it to a wanton? Health's pure spring
She poisons, and still gnaws the beams of life.

Nothing so hardens as the sensual,

Debases like to lust. It is the clog
That weighs men earthward, hellward; and that sinks
The loftiest purpose and the noblest aim,
Nor lets the wearer soar. The laurelled bard
Learned, and learned early, he that would excel
Must robe in purity: the conqueror
Climbed up to fame by the steep rugged path,
The path of self-control.

Oh there are streams
Where thou may'st drink to very thirstiness:
Such is the turbid stream of lawless lust.
But there are others that can satisfy,
Healthful and pure: such is the placid stream
Of calm connubial love and wedded joy.
Thou hungerest for pleasure? Follow me,
And I will guide thee safely. Choose thee one
From virtue's loving daughters for thy wife,
To cheer thy bosom and adorn thy home,
Focus thy young affections, summon back
Thy wandering loves, and chain them to thy hearth.
Her fondest smiles shall be for thee, her love
Shall be all—all thy own, her pulse shall beat
Responsive unto thine; her busy care
In health shall cheer thee, and in sickness smoothe
The ruffled couch of pain. Thy interest hers,
Safe shall thy treasures in her keeping be:
Thy pleasure shall be still her chief concern,
Thy smile her only coveted reward.

I walked the crowded street, amid the hum

Of congregated men, when by me slunk
The profligate, in all his wretchedness.
His years were scarce i' th' zenith; yet he stooped,
And tottered on with unelastic step.
His eye reproved him, and his countenance
Was a hoarse accusation. Purposeless,
A waif upon the waters, sullenly
He drifted on amid the passing barks
That, piloted, still voyaged on to port,
Despised by all, but most of all, himself.
The father pointed at him to his son:
He was the old man's jest, for even age
Scoffed at his premature decrepitude.
None asked him for his counsel or his help,
Whatever was afoot, for he long since
Had buried all his manhood, sinned away
His hope and self-respect, and had at length
Worn out his better nature. Ah how changed,
How fallen, since he came, a ruddy youth,
Up to the city from his village home,
Beauteous in innocence; his mother's hope,
His sisters' joy and pride. Parental tears,
Grave lessons, holy counsel, sage advice,
Fond letters, fervent prayers, and holiest books,
All were in vain. Beguiled by the impure,
He madly dared to tempt the eddying waves,
And in the sensual vortex shipwrecked all.

Have few companions of the other sex,
And none but such as thou couldst, without blush,
Present to thy own mother, or select

To be thy sister's friend, for ah how great
Is woman's influence, for good or ill!
By her the first man[42] was beguiled, by her
The wisest was befooled;[43] and he subdued,
The strongest of the strong.[44] Zuleekha's[45] smile
Was the worst peril for old Jacob's son;
And had he yielded he perhaps had missed
His after-dignity at Pharaoh's court,
And we the lovely record of his life.
The first seducer was a woman: guard
Thy perilled heart, and guard its gate—the eye.
Take heed what female influences twine
Their cobra-coils around thee. Turn thee not
Impatient from thy mother's loving voice,
Nor weary of thy sister; but from her,
The crafty lustful woman, turn and fly,
Far from her serpent eye and witching tongue.

A BIRTHDAY MEDITATION.

Another station on life's shortening road—
How swiftly runs the train! The sun declines,
The clock ticks on unheeded, all around
The shadows lengthen; yet we doze along,
Scarce conscious of the friendly nudge of time.

Ah solemn day! Waste not its precious hours,
But use it less for action than for thought.
It is a day for grave and solemn search
Into thy inmost spirit; 'tis a day
To look within, around thee, and to gaze
Backward and forward, upward above all;
To pause awhile, take careful stock o' th' heart,
Turn o'er the spirit's ledger, note again
Our latitude and longitude, consult
The shelved and dusty chart, to reckon where
Where in life's rapids we have drifted to;
Re-trim the bark, and steer afresh for heaven.

Alas how often birthdays are misused
In riot, dissipation, luxury!
Their solemn hours undedicated all
To either praise to God or love to man.

How seldom Conscience, grave and free to act,
Arraigns the man at the stern bar of right!
Pharaoh must keep his birthday, and forsooth[46]
Feasts all his trooping servants; but alas,
The tyrant, merciless, his baker hangs.
Proud Herod celebrates his natal day,[47]
And feasts his friends and nobles, but the wine
Reigns o'er th' unkingly monarch, and a girl —
Unwomanly base dancer that she was—
Wrings from the doting king a cruel vow,
And to fulfil it the Baptiser dies.

Thou hast perchance lived long, sure long enough
T' have learned, my brother, the great art of life—
The art of living well. The added year,
Say, hath it added to thy virtue too?
Our clocks, our dials, and our calendars
Are sorry things to date our natures by:
The heart's growth is the real test of age,
And progress chronicles our birthdays best.[48]
Thou'rt older now in days, but tell me, art
Older in goodness also? Time's the stuff
That wise men coin to greatness. Hast thou lived
To pleasure rather than to purpose? Spent
Thy precious moments as a miser gold;
As one who knows that every added day
Is but a fresh responsibility?

Come, brother, dare to be alone awhile;[49]
Shut out the rabble trifles, and be grave.
Be honest with thyself, nor Conscience bribe

To purchase an acquittal. It is wise
To look within; great is it to confess.
Spread out the inventory of thyself,
Measure thy inner man, and weigh thy heart;
Compute with care thy spirit's altitude,
For an immortal lodger dwells within,
Amid thy wondrous dust; all kernelled close,
A strange mysterious inhabitant
Hides in this fleshy husk. I' th' woof of life
What pattern art thou weaving? Every thread
Is everlasting, every fault endures.
The past is a safe garner, where are piled
All thy life's deeds and misdeeds. Ah, look back;
The wise and cunning leaper backward runs,
That he may leap the higher. Though thou'rt young
Thou standest on the graves of younger men.
Say, hast thou trifled with thy beaded days,
Till now thou tremblest at the shortening string?
Hast closed thine ear to warnings, heeded not
The startling knock of providences strange?
Frowned at the whispering wrinkle, and despised—
Significantly sad—thy first grey hair?

Yet nurse not harsh, severe, self-chiding thoughts:
Despond not, nor despair, because thou find'st
So much of sin and folly in the past.
Nothing canst thou recall—misdeeds nor deeds,
Be thankful that in neither thou wert worse.
Thronging memorials of departed days
Hover around thee, and invite thee still
Backward to look with humble thankfulness,

Forward with confidence. In infancy
Thy Father's gentlest arm sustainèd thee
Through all its helplessness: he left thee not
In ignorant childhood to thy heedlessness;
He kept thee in thy wild and wilful youth
From the sad tilth of thy perversity.
He ripened thy sour plan, thy weak resolve—
He strengthened it, he fixed thy wavering choice,
And prospered thy poor effort. Vast the debt
Thou owest to thy Patron. Let it not—
The sun o' this birthday—set without a psalm:
Let thy heart sing to Him a fervent song,
A glad thanksgiving, a memorial hymn,
Based on contrition, crowned with prayerful vows;
And pile the offering of warm gratitude
Afresh upon the altar of thine heart.

Man looks both on and up; the present hour
The happiest scarce would care to petrify;
Who would live here for ever? Let us joy
Ev'n in the wrinkling face and greying hair,
For each fresh milestone whispers of the goal.
Tomorrow—the fool's now—may ne'er be thine,
For all things round us, like the falling leaf,—
That frail recorder of the year—remind
That life is fleeting. Husband therefore well
Th' unresting hours, lest thy days, too, be few.
Young as thou art, th' summoning angel soon
May call thee up to judgment; or if not,
How soon may all thy resolutions fade,
And thy convictions die! Enduring days

Are poor weak beams to build on; how much worse
Enduring resolutions!

Freighted well
With useful heavenly purposes, impelled
By holiest motives, if thy natal day
Still find thee, when it next returns, on earth,
It shall not startle like an ungreeting face
At a friend's threshold, it shall not return
Fierce as an injured foe; but it shall come
As a grave friend, whose very frowns are love;
Who, strange at accusation and rebuke,
Comes full of consolation and of peace.

BUSINESS.

Art thou in business? Have the noble aim
To steer through all its trials stainlessly,
In all things still the Christian and the man.
Trade gauges both the heart and intellect,
Braces the moral nature, honour tests,
And tries the inmost loves and principles.

Have no light thoughts of business; ponder well
Its use and dignity. Remember those,
The great and gifted, that have trod before
The selfsame rugged path; and trod it, too,
With uprightness and honour. It hath laws,
And duties too, that thou shouldst study well.
It needs equipment; skill and energy,
Method, attention, caution, promptitude,
Determination, order, enterprise,—
All these are indispensable to him
Who would succeed in business. Above all,
See that thou throughly understand thy trade,
For ign'rance seldom blunders to success.

Thou needest all thy vigilance, for trade
Hath numerous perils. Insufficient means,
Dull seasons, bankrupt debtors, suretyships,

Bad speculations, over-trading, fire;
Panics, expenses; thieves without, within,
Unreasonable credits—these are rocks
On which full many a gallant bark hath split,
And stand between thee and the port Success.

Yet be thou not dismayed, but follow on,
And put thy shoulder to thy business.
Be earnest, energetic, resolute;
There's no enigma in the word—success.
Honour thy hand—that strange omnipotent:
Try is the true magician; thou wilt find
Endeavour no bad word to conjure with,
And there is no abracadabra, after all,
Potent as effort. Summon all the man
Within thee; hoist desire's full sail,
But ne'er neglect the oar of industry.[50]

How few alas, how very few, there are
Of calm and plodding patient energy!
They tug with fitful force, they sweat awhile,
They seize the plough with no unmeaning grip,
And promise great achievements. But anon
They weary, are impatient, turn aside
To a new vein i' th' mine,—and night comes on,
And months and years glide by, with little done;
Nought polished and complete, though much rough-hewn.
Let therefore Patience marry Energy,
For marvellous achievers are their sons.
He that doth hammer always on one nail
Will drive it home at last. Who steers right on,

Will gain at length, however far, the port.
Then persevere, work not impulsively,
But plod, nor faint, nor weary. Ah how oft
The spider—oldest spinner—mends his web,
Still hoping against hope.[51]

If trials come—
As come they will—with a brave manful heart
Breast boldly the rough wave. The Sybarite
Will find this world was never made for him,
For common is endurance unto all.
The salt of difficulty gives to life
Its zest and flavour. Difficulty![52] 'tis
The firm foundation of all noble things,
The stepping-stone of bravery, the spring-board
Of the true man, the cradle of the great,
The able nurse of energy; the goad
That pricks men on to greatness. What, forsooth!
Should a man duck to difficulty; turn
From his high purpose for a little straw
That lies across his path? There's nothing great
But hath a bloody baptism. The small seed
Must brave the frost of many a winter night
Ere it become a tree. A bold attempt
Is never quite in vain; if now it fails,
It makes success more likely presently.
Where would the honour or the hero be,
Were there no danger? Any mean poltroon
Can play the soldier on parade, but life
Is no field-day; and though prosperity
May manufacture scented gentlemen,

'Tis trial and adversity make men.
These are the educators, these have trained
Scholars unnumbered.[53] Difficulty! 'tis
Life's healthful tide: in a dead waveless sea
What thing could live? It is the bracing wind,
That energises every faculty.

Things lessen by familiarity,
And that which seemed gigantic in our youth
Proves but a dwarf to age; so he who breasts
The sea of difficulty with brave heart,
Gathers from every buffet a fresh strength,
And learns at last to scorn the hindrances
That once so sorely vexed and stumbled him.

Earth hath no healthier exercise than this—
Contention with the difficult; no joy
Purer than when 'tis made successfully.
The thread-branched weed is only beautiful
While tossing on the wave; but, heaped on shore,
Is nothing but a tangled sightless mass.

Be circumspect, and learn to measure men.
Trust strangers cautiously: scarce trust at all
The reckless, sottish, and extravagant.
The man who is not honest to himself
Will scarce be so to thee. The needy man
Must not be too much trusted; and beware
Of women, ministers, professionals,
And all who have not well been schooled to learn
The use of money. Suretyships avoid,

If thou wouldst hope to prosper. Keep afar
Habitual borrowers; rather give than lend,
Or lend but what thou canst afford to lose.[54]

Mature thy plans, and ripen them with thought,
Yet be not slow to act: the hardening wax
Refuses straight the impress of the seal,
And the white iron hath how quickly cooled!
'Twas not the feeble arrow hit the mark.
Seek, and at all times, opportunities,
And if thou canst not find them—make them then.
Yet be not greedy, for a few bad debts
Destroy no little profit. Stake not all
On one great speculation: no wise man
Will hazard what he would not dare to lose.
The prudent general, though resolved to win,
Provides for a defeat; he marches on,
But has a refuge and a sure retreat,
Should he have need.

Keep accurate accounts,
Nor let thy business lack transparency,
Lest men suspect thy truth and uprightness.
Mere honesty is little, nobly strive
For honour too. Remember, character
Is no mean capital; an honoured name
No trifling stock-in-trade. Be punctual
In all thy dealings: in thy settlements
Postpone not, with the poor especially.
Also in thy engagements: be a watch
Thyself, and strike the hour for thoughtless men.

For time is gold, minutes are precious things,
And he who is unpunctual to the hour
Will scarce be punctual to the pound.

Take heed
That caution helm thy bark; for recklessness
Is not a folly merely, but a crime.
Yon heedless bankrupt, by his mad career,
Hath ruined wife and babes, and sadly stained
The name of his unconscious little ones.
Nor these alone, but many a one beside
Must drink the bitter draught that he hath brewed.
The widow and the fatherless are there,
Among his creditors; and many a heart
Is sorrowful, and many a hearth is drear;
Because he checked not his expenditure,
And speculated so incautiously.
Let prudence therefore guide at every step;
Proportion also to thy boat the sail,
And live within thy income. Curb thy wants,
Nor form expensive habits. Of thy gains
Still add a portion to thy capital,
For age abounds with clamorous dogging wants,
Even stout manhood hath its haunting cares;
And many a strange thing on the beach of life
Time's ebbing tide throws up.

Art prospering?
Let liberality grow gracefully
With thy successes. The half-closèd bud
That in the twilight shut and veiled itself,

Expands in the warm sunlight. Ope thy hand,
Give, and give promptly: a postponèd gift—
Say, how much better is it than a "No?"
Oh how unseemly is it for a man
To be, though prosperous, mean and little-souled.
Better to be a princely beggar far,
Than be a beggarly prince. What is a king,
If he demean himself unregally?
Oft doth the baggy robe of circumstance
The puny nature of the wearer shame;
And all the setting of the goldsmith's art
Is but a mockery if the stone itself
Be mean and valueless.

Be generous
To all men—to thy servants specially,
And let them not in sickness be forgot.
The hand is no mean preacher, eloquent
Is generous free open-handedness,
And the considerate master is served best.
See that thy servant as a creature knows
His duty to his Maker; thus he'll learn
His duty as a servant unto thee.
Not with exacting and unfeeling wrath
Rule thy dependents, but with gentle love.
Hide, when thou usest most, authority;
Show thyself less the master than the friend.

Be not, unwisely, anxious to retire;
'Tis work alone gives dignity to life,
And he that's worthy of the name of man

Will never sigh to put his harness off.
If thou thyself no longer wealth shouldst need,
Still thou canst labour for the poor, and God.
But never, never let thy ledger be
Thy Bible, never let thy banker's book
Become thy diary; nor prosperity,
Or mere accumulation, be the ends
Thou sett'st before thyself.

He wrinkles fast,
The weary man. Long hath he plodded on,
Nor hath he toiled in vain. He now must spend
More tranquilly the evening of his life.
Before his eyes already rises up
The snug retreat, with all its blessedness;
The comfort and the leisure: the arm-chair,
And perfect freedom from all care and toil.
He closes straight his ledger, and retreats
With rapture to his Goshen. But alas,
The poetry hath proved the veriest prose;
The day is tedious and the book is dry,
The garden lonely and the parlour dull.
He finds how little luxury there is
In being unemployed; that idleness
Is only to the lazy, happiness;
And he who sudden leaves accustomed toil
Had need indeed be a well-furnished man.

If thou'rt not married, marry.[55] None will keep
Thy house as can a wife. Her cheerful look,
Her fond kind word, will cheer and strengthen thee

Through many a business labyrinth. She'll divide
Thy troubles and anxieties with thee,
And with her loving counsel and advice
(Instinctively sagacious, strangely wise)
May keep thee safe from many a harmful thing.

The business thou hast chosen—leave it not
For others thou art unacquainted with:
There may not be two helmsmen at the wheel.
'Tis he who perseveres along the rut
In which he started, that progresses most:
But he who turns impulsively aside
At every will-o'-th'-wisp, must waste his time,
And lose much pains, if not much property.

Neglect not business, she's a jealous jade
That scarce endures a rival; but beware
Lest business joys and cares fill all thy heart,
And rob thy nature of its nobler half.
It matters not how deep or wide the sea
If but the ship can ride it buoyantly:
But if the waves once force an entrance in,
Woe to the gallant bark. In business hours
Give to it all thy thought and energy:
But past, then shake awhile thy business off;
As the white swan, her plumage fair and dry,
Unruffled leaves the waters of the lake,
Where all the morning she had glassed herself,
For the smooth daisied lawn.

Thy business
Must not be such as will debase thyself.

'Tis a poor bargain that—a fortune made
By a soul's ruin. Nor must thou so trade
That thou become a mean and cunning knave,
An overreaching and unconscienced thing,
Lying thy goods off to thy customers,
And foisting trashy things on ignorance
With well-dissembled candour. Be a man,
Truthful and upright, fair and unseduced;
Nor sell thy manhood for thy business.

There are who butt impossibilities,
Like silly bluebottles at window-panes;
But be not thou of those. Waste not thy powers
In vain attempts at most unlikely things;
But curb and rein thy straggling energies
Within the rut of possibility.
Not he who hath most power achieves the most,
But he who, knowing what is do-able,
And also where his efforts best will tell,
There makes, with all his energy, th' attack.[56]

A HOME.

Under the law of expansion God hath placed
All tribes and creatures in this teeming world.
Where is the bulb that flowers not? Where the tree
But gems his boughs with berries or with fruit?
Where is the bird that would not build his nest?
So man is not for solitude: he pines
For one to love him, and to share his nest;
(Love is the picture to life's chequered tale;)
And with this instinct strong within his breast,
Impatient of his unrelatedness,
Becomes not merely the circumference
But centre of a circle, forms a home,
And chooses from among his female friends
A partner for his bosom and his hearth.

A man unwedded loses more than half
Of the best education he can have.
Women teach meekness, love and gentleness;
And children, patience and unselfishness.

Unless, then, other duties bid thee not,
Marry, and while thou'rt young. What is a home,
Without a smiling wife to grace the board?

She is the young man's best companion;
And better 'tis t' obey Heaven's primal law,
Than live companionless, like yonder sun,
In solitary splendour.

Fearingly
Shun not th' expenses of a wedded life,[57]
Although they be not small. They rouse the man
To new exertion and fresh energy,
And oft develop capabilities
The owner never dreamed of. Children, too,
If they make lean th' estate, are yet themselves
Riches, yea riches most enjoyable,
And He who giveth life will not deny
The food that must sustain it. Yet with care,
Prudence and forethought, first prepare thy home;
For 'tis not manly to allure a girl
From peace, and comfort, and sufficiency,
To a sad cheerless hearth and stinted board.

Not from the ball-room choose her, nor the haunt
Of fashion, pleasure, or frivolity.
Avoid the silly trifler, with two thoughts—
Sole freightage—whom to marry, what to wear.[58]
Ask counsel of thy female friends, for still
A woman best knows women. At her home
Observe her. Is she gentle, modest, kind,
A good obedient daughter; is she fond
Of her own sisters and her family;
Are her accomplishments for ornament,
Or—better far—for usefulness at home?

Has she health, sense, affection, piety?
Such dowry is no mean one.[59] Better this,
Than all th' attractions of a perfect form,
Or sculptured features; better than estate,
Wit, fashion, fortune, or a high descent.[60]

Deceive not thy intended nor her friends
As to thy means of living. Ah how oft
(Th' unwelcome truth no longer to be hid)
The vision so poetic fades away
To the sad prose of dull reality!
Surely the marriage edifice should stand
On the foundations of stern truthfulness;
And 'twere more manly tell her thou art poor
Than pledge her at the altar with a lie.

Begin no grander than thou canst afford,
Just as thou canst continue. Comfort, still,
Must have the precedence of elegance.
Thy style of living pitch within thy means,
Nor let thy wife expend in ignorance
What thou canst ill afford. Who wastes to-day,
Will surely want tomorrow. Better far
That both be schooled to strict economy,
Than that thy business and thy character,
Her peace and home, should all be wrecked and lost
By thoughtless luxury and extravagance.

A home—'t may often be a lever thought
To raise thee to achievement. Hence thou'lt draw
Motive to purity and carefulness,

Incentive to exertion. It will prompt
To self-denial and economy,
To watching toil and studious thoughtful pains,
And all the man within thee energise.
Not always at the far circumference,
A human unit, wouldst thou choose to move,
But be a centre also in thy turn,
Others round thee revolving. It is well:
So hope, so plan, so purpose, so provide,
That when at length thou leave thy lonely sphere,
And love and helplessness around thee twine,
They may not on a disappointing thing
Lean their o'erflowing hopes, in name alone
A husband, or a father, or a man.

Beware of any habit, any act,
That may unfit thee in thy after years
For this—man's earthly heaven. Reverence
Thy own great nature and thy budding hopes,
Nor let the dice, the glass, the courtesan,
Cheat thee of coming pleasures; lest thy age
Find thee a homeless, wifeless, childless thing,
A thing that none can lean on: unlike him
Who stands a firm banyan upon the plain,
Verdant and sheltering, with his stalwart sons
Gracing and strengthening the parent tree.

Man has three several homes. The first, the nest
Where, cradled 'neath a mother's loving eye,
He grows from helplessness to lusty strength.
The second, where, now bearded and mature,

He chooses him a partner, and with her
Mosses with love and hope the downy nest
Where they may nurse their fledglings. For the third,
The crystal-beamed seven-tinted bright abode
Which, with their Father, godful men enjoy,—
Happy is he, thrice happiest of the race,
Who, looking back upon his childhood's home
With yearning and with tears, looks on and up,
Out of the windows of his second one,
And sees by faith the sun-lit halls afar
Where he expects to dwell for evermore.

INFLUENCE.

Ranking thyself with unregarded men,
Thou hungerest for a wider circle, friend.
Ponder the influence thou already hast,
Ere thou increase responsibility.

Thou art a Man, and in society,
And therefore circled round by copiers.
Howe'er secluded or howe'er unknown,
Thou never hast lived, and canst never live,
Unto thyself alone: thy neighbour, friend,
Have copied both thy virtues and thy faults.
Thou hast a character for good or ill,
And character is power and influence:
Thou hast, in spite of thee, to great extent
Stamped deep thine impress upon all around.
That word forgotten, spoke in by-gone years,
Still lives: the seed hath grown and blossomed too,
Behold the flower in yonder character.
Thy good and evil sayings, jests and songs,
Thy blasphemies and blessings—none are dead:
Earth hath no sponge to wipe out meanest things,
All, all are petrified, immortalised,
Or rather, growing with an endless growth.

Art thou a Master? All thy servants round
Have learned the trick of imitation.
They by thy virtues have been Godward spurred,
Or by thy vices stumbled and debased.
An open book thou hast still been to them,
Where they have read thy evil and thy good.
Not only thy professions have they heard,
But marked thee in the shop and counting-house.
They have upheld thee to the light of truth,
Taken thy weight and measure; sat, thy judge,
At the eternal bar of right and wrong;
Heard thine own acts —truth-telling witnesses!
And in that silent court—the mind—pronounced
Thy guilt or thy acquittal.

Art a Sire?
Thou hast begot immortal spirits, then;
And the soft mental tendrils of thy babes
Twine round thy nature all unwittingly.
Forget not that they daily, hourly read
The language of thy looks. Thy very tone
Is to their listening ear significant,
Thy every gesture meaningful. Each hour
Chisels them to the likeness of thyself.
Thy father lives in thee, and thou in these;
And though thou shouldst bequeath them nothing else,
Thou'lt leave to them thy virtue or thy vice.

Thou art an Author, and thy brain, perchance,
Still busy, breedeth books. Ah pause awhile,
And think on the responsibilities

Of him who wields the pen. A multitude
May sit them at thy feet to read thy book,
Th' unborn will be thy readers; thou mayst aid
To form th' opinions of a continent,
The lore and maxims of a hemisphere.
Thy words may rouse to action error, truth,
Oppression, freedom, knowledge, bigotry;
Thou mayst unchain the brute, the fiend, in men,
Or beckon down the angel; mayst amuse
The weary hour, or dry the mourner's tear,
Spur on the upward and aspiring soul,
And lash the false and wrong. Lay down awhile
Thy pen, if lightly thou wouldst dare to write,
Curb thy thick-rising fancies, rein thy skill,
For every thought the press will petrify,
And books are well-springs of vast influence.

Art thou a Teacher 'mong thy fellow-men,
And set apart from meaner purposes
T' instruct and to exhort them? Heed thyself,
That thou be worthy neither blame nor shame.
There may be some commands that thou thyself,
Hast scarcely honoured yet sufficiently
And 'tis a shame and pity that the Pew
Should have t' rebuke the Pulpit; sad it is
The precious ointment should be e'er refused
Because of the dead fly; and "Heal thyself"
The answer, neither pert nor undeserved,
To him whose office 'tis to teach and heal.
Measure thyself by Him the Teacher oft,
For none e'er taught, or spoke, or lived, like Him.

How solemn is it in a world like this
To speak, to act, to be! Our very words,
Trifling and meaningless as oft they seem,
Are wafted round about on every side,
Like thistle-down before the autumn wind.
Looks may be very curses; actions, oaths:
Ev'n the unsaid hath oft strange emphasis,
And glances may be imprecations deep.
If even goodness be contagious, sure
Evil, alas, is imitable more.

Let all thine influences, ev'n the least,
Improve thy fellows, and take heed at home.
How eloquent are looks! From them we draw
Always our first impressions, oft our last.
The child had marked its mother's loving smile
Long ere it learned its father's lesson grave:
'Twas from his mother's fond approving look
The boy became a painter.[61]

Finally:—

Of all thine influences take most heed
Of thy unstudied ones. Full many a man
Can with the lightning flash, that cannot shine
With the mild sun; but the impetuous storm
Is valueless beside the silent dew.
So the good deeds of a pure-hearted man
Are the least portion of his influence.
And that of which thyself art conscious least
May be most felt by others. The presence ev'n
Of a good man is no mean homily;

Of a bad man, a curse. Shine like a star;
And glare not, as a beacon. The white slime
Betrays the tortuous track of the cold worm,
The ocean long retains the foamy trace
Of the dividing keel; and shall man pass—
The meanest man—through this vibrating world,
Without his leaving, where he once hath been,
His footprint, deep and all indelible?
In thy worn track across the heath of life
Full many an after-traveller will tread:
See that thou lead him not astray from God,
But prove a certain poineer to heaven.

KING GOLD AND SLAVE GOLD.

Thou'dst surely be a getter, my young friend:
Wouldst thou not also be a giver too?
Give not, if thou'rt in debt; he who thus gives,
Is liberal with the gold that's not his own.
Yet give, and grudge not, if thou canst afford,
For gold, if wisely used, is truest wealth,
But, hoarded, 'tis but dross. Why rob thyself
Of earth's supremest joy—the joy of giving?
Open thine hand, as God—the giver—doth,
And make the poor thy banker. What thou giv'st
Thou ne'er canst lose, whatever chances come;
And he who gives most—he it is hath most.
Why shouldst thou have that fool's ambitiousness—
A plethoric estate to leave thy sons,
Defrauding them of all the blessedness
Of healthful toil, and burdening their souls
With all the fearful perilous woe of him
Who hath no motive unto industry?
Wouldst build thyself a monument of shame,
To prove how mean thy heart, how base thy life?
Beware lest on thy tombstone men should read
Not thy wealth merely, but thy avarice.
Not only count thy gains, but gifts. Wouldst die

In the world's debt? Wouldst make thy heart a purse?
Ambition's base is everywhere, but where,
Where is its apex? That high-pilèd heap!—
Beware lest, trumpet-tongued, it cry aloud,
And shame thee for thy greed, rebuke thee stern
For ignorance untaught, for want unalmsed,
Orphans unpitied, widows unrelieved,
For God dishonoured and for man despised.
How rich thou diest will be soon forgot;
How niggardly thou wast, remembered long.
Wicked indeed is he who will not use
The golden lever God hath given to him,
To bless and raise his generation with;
Who suffers—wretched pleurisy of gold!—
That yellow life-blood of society
To clog and jelly in the arteries.

He clutched it firmly in his iron fist,
And added heap to heap; his appetite
Grew with his gains, and still he gasped for more.
(Of all things gold doth satisfy us least:
A man is never in such hungry mood
As when he once hath had a meal of gold.)
The godlike features of humanity
That once distinguished him, were now, alas,
Distorted by this hideous wen of wealth.
A starveling was he at the feast of things,
A living lie, for at the best his life
Was a mere pauper's; necessary things
He grudged to purchase; he eschewed all friends,
For friends are apt to borrow and to beg;

Even that household angel, woman—she
Was all unloved and undesired by him:
A wife at best was an extravagance,
Shameful and ruinous,—a needless charge;
And children—they would make a Crœsus poor.
He was a very husk and shell of man
In God's most blessed universe. Agape
And miserly as is the clutching sea,
His humble friends and needy relatives—
He wanted not to know them, closed his ear
To all the sorrows of the hearthless poor,
For poverty, above all evil things,
Was his aversion. A base human sponge,
A calculating, hard, gold-hungering man,
Coffined in self, cold as the moonlit snow,
Gold was his aim, his hope, his joy, his life,
His business, relaxation, work and dream,
His wife and children, friends, relationships,
His pleasure, his ambition, and his god.
He knelt, with fond devotedness of heart,
To Gold, the world's almighty. Every line
That marked his forehead and his bloodless cheek
Betokened the divinity within,
Whose gaunt proportions cast a lurid shade
On every look and gesture. Giving was
Ev'n as a fiery martyrdom to him,
Unnatural, abhorrent, for his heart,
Misshapen as a pear tree, had grown cold;
And strangely eloquent must he have been
Who wrung a sixpence from his clutching palm,
And he a sturdy beggar who could hope,

While looking in his avaricious eye,
For sympathy or alms. Thus did he live,
With worsing spirit and with leaner soul,
Stunted and shrivelled as a cowering hedge
Before the salt sea breeze. He sickened, died;
Death, unrelenting, dragged him from his gold:
And to his burial like a prince he went,
In all the sable pageantry of death,
And the plumed hearse and the funereal steeds
Witnessed to his distinction. Some, agape,
Inquired the great man's name, but no one sighed
"Heaven rest him." All unwept, unblest, was he;
His very followers did not mourn his loss,
For who laments a niggard? Ev'n in death
His hand refused to scatter: God's own poor,
Lifelong neglected, in his dying hour
Were unremembered still. His very gifts
Were now a shame to him; for neither want,
Relationship, nor sickness, nor desert,
Moved him to give; he left his total wealth
To fatten up a gorged society,
And aid "religious" objects, hoping thus,
By giving what he could no longer keep,
T' atone for all the selfish uselessness
Of a protracted lifetime.

With a sigh
(Oh pauper misery of mammonism!)
I turned me from the money-clutching thing.
Dear loving God, I cried, that ungrudged man
Should play the niggard 'mong his fellows thus!

Various and vain man's bubbles truly are,
But the poor bubble that the miser blows
Is the most mean and silly of them all.
A fearful despot art thou, Gold; and cursed,
Thrice cursed, is he who wears thy manacles.

He gave, and freely, for he deeply felt
That he had so received; to worthlessness
He sometimes ev'n would scarcely shut his hand,
For God, said he, gives freely every day
To many no way worthy. The sad poor
Were gladdened by his presence into tears,
The widow taught her friendless little ones
To bless his honoured name: his servants too,
With conscientious scrupulosity,
Nor dared to wrong, nor suffer others, one
So thoughtful, so ungrudging. In his house
Was neither waste nor yet extravagance,
But comfort, welcome, and sufficiency.
His friend, unstinted, sat beside the board,
And, if with a fair reputation blessed,
The stranger found a welcome and a home.

I looked; and while I hated with worst hate
The tyranny so crushing of King Gold,
Surely Slave Gold, I cried, is not to blame,
But useful, fitting, and commendable.
He needs to be a man indeed whom gold
Makes not still poorer, his no common heart
Which gold collapses not and renders worse.
Happiest and safest he who hath enough,

And but a little more; yet if he get,
And prosper, let the man possess the gold,[62]
But never let the gold possess the man.

How few, alas, will try to understand
The laws of liberality! A man
Oft grows to wealth by very bounteousness;
How often by his parsimony poor!
Wouldst thou reap golden harvests? Broadcast sow.
Set reverently apart proportion due,
Of all thy gains, for God and for the poor.
"It is more blest to give than to receive,"
Remember, was the saying of thy Lord.

Money is good, nor undesirable,
Therefore despise it not,[63] nor count it nought.
Strange power of gold! 'Tis stature to the dwarfed,
Beauty to th' ill-favoured, brains to th' fool,
Symmetry to th' deformed, to th' witless wit.
How piquant doth it make "my lord's" dull jest,
How excellent the chairman's prosy song.
Gold is the sinews of philanthropy,
The muscle and the spine of enterprise.
Wealth is the representative of work,
By its possessor or his forefathers.
It is the pedestal of influence;
Therefore go earn it, but by no dishonour.
Remember riches, reckon how thou wilt,
Is far less thy possessions than thyself.
Show me thy thoughts, and I will sum thy wealth:
The heart is the true coffer; if not filled

With love and truth, thou fill'st thy hand in vain
With gold and silver: wretched still is he
Who calls himself not wealthy without gold.
In its laborious honourable getting
Lies the best part of wealth: be liberal,
For generosity's a heavy purse,
But what so worthless as a miser's gold?
And the "God bless thee" of the hungry poor
Should be a far more covetable thing
Than salutations of world-famous men.

FAREWELL.

Thus far, together, have we travelled on,
And now we part, my brother. Fare you well;
If but one noble thought, one high resolve,
One lofty purpose, or one heavenly aim,
Hath been or born or nurtured by the page,
We have not met in vain. If but, perchance,
It may have spurred thee to a purer life,
Or helped thee to a manlier character,
Bless Him who brought us side by side awhile.

Take for thy motto, Duty, and be brave,
For life is no smooth idyl; arm thyself
With courage, patience, and with cheerful trust,
A leaping nature and a Christful heart,
That thou mayst be, do, suffer, manfully.[64]
Crawl not,[65] but soar. Let "ought" be "must" with thee.
Do all things rightly and religiously,
As one rehearsing for an angel, and
May He the strengthener keep thy perilled heart
That so it wrinkle last, unscarred by care,
And pure as in thy childhood. A child-man,
Be self-sufficing, individual,
Moving on love's bright axis. Like the bard,

Among thy fellows be a lever man,
Still pointing up, like the cloud-kissing spire,
That at that day of days no ruined soul,
Down-sinking hellward, point at thee, and shriek
"*He* lured me onward to this red abyss."
Guard well thy heart, be neither weak nor wicked;
Still live the right, and ever love the true,
And always be the good.

Respect thyself:
Envy nor follow the base human worms
That wriggle up to fortune; rather them
Who keep the path of right where'er it lead,
And scorn ill-gotten gains. If thou art low
In earth's great social pyramid, thy part
A mean unnoticed one on life's strange stage,
Oft the mean character best actor needs;
Just any fool can play the nobleman,
How few can play the man![66] 'Tis better far
To do the little greatly, than essay
A mighty labour with a pigmy hand.[67]
Be patient and deserve, and thou may'st rise.
The reaper—he must be a sower first:
But ah, forget not, while thou sow'st thy seed,
The sickle soon must follow, therefore sow
Just only such as thou wouldst choose to reap.
Use well the present hour—that young To-be,
For one to-day is worth a score tomorrows,
That so thou look not back on deedless days,
Nor mourn a wasted youth.

Sigh not for wealth,
For poorest days are happier, as more safe.
Content is no mean nugget: thank kind Heaven
Not only for thy comforts but thy needs.
Christ make thee rich in pure and noble thoughts,
Hell tempt thee not with either want or wealth.
Meet troubles if thou must, but make them not,
And if thy means be small, contract desire,
That so thy wants be bounded by thy needs.
Be independent, and in no man's debt:
But if thou prosper, worship not thy gold;
Misuse, disuse it not. Death shears the rich,
And coffins hold no wealth. Be liberal;
No human magpie, getting but to hoard,
But helpful to thy brother, nor forget
The fatherless, the widow, and the poor.

And now farewell. Seek at thy Father's side
Not counsel merely, but companionship,
Gath'ring fresh truths, soaring to higher love.
And oh, may Christ, the helper, bless thee still
With a pure, holy, true and loving heart,
Save thee from what might separate from him,
Or separate thee from thy nobler self.
God speed, young brother, both to thee and thine:
May we all meet in yonder heaven at last;
Heaven—our fond Father's hearth. Farewell, farewell.

A PRAYER.

Father, thy hand hath formed me; furnished me
With all this manhood, godhood. Thou hast set
Thy seal upon me as a thing of heaven,
Hast given me instincts after noblest things,
And taught me to look upward from this earth,
Away from this unsatisfying now,
To a diviner life. Confirm, oh Lord,
My unknit resolutions, moat my heart
With a broad stream of love and purity;
Strengthen my better me, that so my soul,
Unstained, untarnished, in this dimming world,
May still retain, up to my latest age,
The lustre of my childhood. Gird me, Lord,
For efforts worthy of these godlike powers;
For ceaseless war with the bad world without,
And the worse world within me. Help me breast
The tide of trial with a man's resolve,
The tide of evil with an angel's strength.

The what and where of this swift-fleeting life,
Aye, all its "ifs" and its "perhapses" too,
Lord, I can leave with thee. 'T may not be mine,
To stand apart among medallic men,

To leave behind a monumental book,
Or make my name historic. With the herd,
That like a steam-wreath fade before the wind,
Deedless and unescutcheoned, I may pass
Unheeded to my burial. Be it so;
Yet would I nurse some small ambition too—
To serve my kind and Thee.

With loving heart,
Christian maturity, ripe holiness,
Respectful of my duty and myself,
Sweetly correct and beautifully good,
Freighted with God-love and wise energy,
I would walk blameless, witnessing for thee
Amid a proud and misbelieving world.
Worship and service should divide my hours,
And form the varied chequers of my life:
I would be the sad friendless orphan's stay,
The widow's help, the poor man's comforter;
Thus, if not adding to earth's intellect,
At least subtracting from its wretchedness.

And that I thus may do, Lord, let me be,
Not steering moneywards like meaner men,
But self-improving, introspective; still
Preening my pinions for a higher flight,
And loftier elevation. Habits ill,
Growing with all the vigour of a weed,
Oh may I never form them; or if formed,
Help me to slough them as the chesnut[68] doth
In summer his dead leaves. Give earnestness,

That I, enthusiast for the good and true,
May live one-purposed. Never let me be—
Worst state—indifferent to these greatest things;
Not like the oarsman, with my back t' th' goal,
But like a runner, with both hands outspread,
Hungering to reach the prize. Thus shall I be
Equipped for all earth's needs, God-helping, brave;
And, humbly duteous from the highest aims,
Shall push my various projects to success
With all a man's momentum.

Gracious God,
Bless this hoarse, selfish and ignoble world
With light, and greater, love. Let everywhere
Men be unselfish, loving, neighbourly,
Pure, helpful, and forgiving. For the good,
Oh may they have a graceful holiness,
A winsome goodness that shall charm the bad
To virtue and religion. Let there be
Through all the peoples deep and perfect peace,
Man one vast loving brotherhood. Thy word—
Rain it on every continent and tribe,
Till each old superstition pale and fade
Before the sun of truth. Oh stretch thine arm
To help the friendless and neglected poor,
Who pick laborious from life's grudging board
The scanty crumbs of comfort, and to whom
Children are doubtful blessings at the best,
Life but a daily round of pinching care,
A tedious endurance. Pity too
The poor dumb brute that only sighs and pines

Under the lash of more embruted man.
Save the enslaved from his oppressor, Lord :
Poorest of men, he hath not ev'n himself;
Except his master, the most abject thing
That earth endures. The weak, the maimed, the sick,
Bless them with healthier bodies, healthful souls,
And may their sorrows and their sufferings, Lord,
Strengthen the inner man. The little ones—
The prattling children—keep them childlike, pure,
And cherish and preserve their childhood long,
Spite of the hardening world. Initial men,
The human seals that with their regal crest
Stamp the soft plastic wax of humankind,
Oh may their impress be a heavenly one,
Such as thou wilt approve. Preside, oh God,
In cabinets and councils : wisdom, peace,
Philanthropy, discretion, are of thee.
Join continent to island, shore to shore,
Till severed nations and estrangèd tribes
Merge all their quarrels in one brotherhood,
And smoke the calumet of peace. How long
Shall Might hound on his brainless herds to war?
The jarring peoples of this stainèd earth
Gaze on each other with defiant brow?
How long fleece-hungering priests neglect the flock;
The rich man surfeit while his neighbour starves?
How long shall power be with the tyrannous;
How long a man be dungeoned for his creed?
Man chattelize his brother, and embrute
Whom he is taught to cherish and defend?
How long shall wolfish and predaceous man,

Huddled in cities—those o'ercrowded pools,—
Like the great corsair pike, with ravenous greed
Fatten upon his fellows ? Pity, Lord,
This dark unanchored world. Thou hast spread out
Before it Nature, that great unclasped book,
Where it might read thy wisdom, spell thy love:
Sent it a Model, and a lesson book
Brimful of gracious promise. Yet, alas,
It still is dark as any sunless sea:
Goaded by passion and seduced by gain,
Causeless its sorrows, meaningless its fears,
Its joys are threaded on a rotten string,
Its scanty pleasures muffled. All is sad
As the memorials of a buried child:
There is no more an Eden upon earth,
Its Egypt hath no Goshen.

Pardon, Lord,
Th' unripeness of our choicest services,
The halfness of our hearts. Be merciful
To Christendom and Christians. Save us, Lord,
From selfish hirelings: send us zealous men
To fold thy little flock and teach the world;
Men that shall teach the truth by living it,
And care far less for their own praise and pay
Than truth's supremacy.

Oh Lord, I come
With the best offering I can bring—myself:
Accept me, Lord, and use me at thy will.
May thought and memory never be my foes,

Nor my own hand accuse me. Keep me pure,
That it may never my chastiser be,
That Nemesis—the conscience; nor my heart
From the stern standard thou hast set incline,
The moral perpendicular of things.
Thus would I be and do—*will* be and do,
Thy mighty grace enabling. I resolve,
And with each resolution weave a prayer.

NOTES.

NOTES.

[1] "Rest in the Lord (or, as the margin beautifully renders it, 'Be silent to the Lord'), and wait patiently for him."—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

[2] "When thou wishest to transgress, seek for a place where God cannot see thee."—*Lockman's Sayings.*

[3] It is recorded of the celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke that he never passed through the churchyard where his father lay buried without reverently taking off his hat.

[4] The late Rev. John Natt, for many years vicar of St. Sepulchre's, London, was in the habit of kissing his mother in the vestry before ascending the pulpit to preach.

[5] "And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever."—1 Chron. xxxiii. 9.

[6] "If thou fear God and walk in his ways, whatever befalls thee, good shall be brought out of it; it shall be well with thee while thou livest, better when thou diest, and best of all to eternity."—*Matthew Henry.*

[7] "He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—*Coleridge* (*Ancient Mariner*).

[8] "So live, that when thy summons comes to join
Th' innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."—
Bryant (*Thanatopsis*).

[9] "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

[10] "As you grow up and go out into life, you will be tempted in a hundred different ways, by things which are pleasant—every one knows that they are pleasant enough, but wrong. One will be tempted to be vain of dress; another to be self-conceited; another to be lazy and idle; another to be extravagant and roving; another to be over fond of amusement; another to be over fond of money; another to be over fond of liquor; another to go wrong, as too many young men and young women do, and bring themselves, and those with whom they keep company, and whom they ought, if they really love them, to respect and honour, down into sin and shame. You will all be tempted, and you will all be troubled; one by poverty, one by sickness, one by the burden of a family, one by being laughed at for trying to do right. But remember, oh remember, whenever a temptation comes upon you, that the blessed Jesus has been through it all, and conquered all, and that His will is, that you shall be holy and pure like Him, and that therefore, if you but ask him, He will give you strength to keep pure. When you are tempted, pray to Him; the struggle in your own minds will, no doubt, be very great; it will be very hard work for you—sin looks so pleasant on the outside! Poor souls, it is a sad struggle for you! Many a poor young fellow, who goes wrong, deserves rather to be pitied than to be punished. Well, then, if no man else will pity him, Jesus, the Man of all men, will. Pray to Him! Cry aloud to Him! Ask Him to make you stout-hearted, patient, really manful, to fight against temptation. Ask Him to give you strength of mind to fight against all

bad habits. Ask Him to open your eyes to see when you are in danger. Ask Him to help you to keep out of the way of temptation. Ask Him, in short, to give you grace to use such abstinence that your flesh may be subdued to your spirit. And then you will not follow, as the beasts do, just what seems pleasant to your flesh; no, you will be able to obey Christ's godly motions, that is, to do, as well as to love, the good desires which He puts into your hearts. You will not do merely what is pleasant, but what is right; you will not be your own slaves, you will be your own masters, and God's loyal and obedient sons; you will not be, as too many are, mere animals going about in the shape of men, but truly men at heart, who are not afraid of pain, poverty, shame, trouble or death itself, when they are in the right path, about the work to which God has called them."—*Kingsley's Sermons (True Abstinence).*

[11] "What is not doing to-day, is not done to-morrow. No day should be wasted in dallying. Resolution should boldly seize the possible by the forelock at once. She will then not let it go, and works on, because she cannot help it."—*Goëthe (Dedication to Faust).*

[12] Lord Byron.

[13] SIN.

"Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers—

Pulpits and Sundays; sorrow, dogging sin;
Afflictions, sorted; anguish, of all sizes;
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in;
Bibles, laid open; millions of surprises;

Blessings beforehand; ties of gratefulness;
The sound of glory ringing in our ears.
Without, our shame: within, our consciences;
Angels, and grace; eternal hopes and fears—

Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away."

George Herbert.

[14] Knee-timber is technically that part of the trunk where the branch is inserted, and is consequently closer grained and tougher than any other part of the wood.

[15] The Proverbs of Solomon.

[16] "Giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." — 2 Peter i. 5—7.

[17] "Fortior est qui se, quam qui fortissima vincit
Mœnia, nec virtus altius ire potest."—*Ovid.*

[18] "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues."—*Thomas Fuller.*

[19] "Men in great place are thrice servants; servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains."—*Lord Bacon* (*Essays*).

[20] "You sigh for Fame,
Would serve as long as Jacob for his love,
So you might win her. Spirits calm and still
Are high above your order, as the stars
Sit large and tranquil o'er the restless clouds
That weep and lighten, pelt the earth with hail,
And fret themselves away. The truly great
Rest in the knowledge of their own deserts,
Nor seek the confirmation of the world."

Alex. Smith.

[21] See Mark ix. 14—29.

[22] Paul the Apostle.

[23] "And behold, Boaz came from Bethlehem, and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you, and they answered him, The Lord bless thee."—Ruth ii. 4.

[24] This, I am informed by a person long familiar with the habits of sheep, is literally the case, each sheep choosing its own place in the flock, and rarely changing it.

[25] "The path to bliss abounds with many a snare:
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
(Mention him if you please. Voltaire?—The same.)
With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died:
The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon-mots to gall the Christian and the Jew;
An infidel in health, but what when sick?
Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick:
View him at Paris in his last career,
Surrounding throngs the demigod revere;
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fumed with frankincense on every side,
He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
And, smothered in't at last, is praised to death.
Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent), she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;

And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh, happy peasant! Oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She, safe in the simplicity of hers."—*Cowper* (*Truth*).

[26] "Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?"—John xviii. 38.

[27] "It is a vanity," quaintly remarks Thomas Fuller, "to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury."

[28] An immense lunar crater, generally supposed to be the father of the mountains in the moon, and so named after the great Danish astronomer.

[29] "For him who will spin, God finds yarn."—*Cornish Proverb.*

[30] 1 Cor. xiii.

[31] "Is not provoked." This, as Dr. Adam Clarke, *in loc.*, remarks, is undoubtedly the true rendering. How the word "easily" got added it is difficult to say. The first English translation renders it thus—It is not stirid to wrath.

[32] "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not."—Prov. xxvii. 10.

[33] "Ut hirundines festivo tempore præsto sunt, frigore pulsæ recedunt: ita falsi amici sereno tempore præsto sunt: simul atque fortunæ hiemem viderint, evolant omnes."—*Cicero.*

[34] "Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."—*Thomas Hood.*

[35] "The only way to have a friend, is to be one."—*Emerson.*

36 "Avoid extravagance," says Barnum, the well-known American speculator, "and always live considerably within your income, if you can do so without actual starvation. It needs no prophet to tell us that those who live fully up to their means, without any thought of a reverse in life, can never attain a pecuniary independence. . . . . Thousands of men are kept poor, and tens of thousands are made so after they have acquired quite sufficient to support them well through life, in consequence of laying their plans of living on too expensive a platform."

37 "What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive.
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still."

Ben Jonson.

38 "I know," relates Barnum, "a gentleman of fortune, who says that, when he first began to prosper, his wife *would have* a new and elegant sofa. 'That sofa,' he says, 'cost me thirty thousand dollars!' The riddle is thus explained. When the sofa reached the house, it was found necessary to get chairs to match; then sideboards, carpets, and tables 'to correspond' with them, and so on through the entire stock of furniture, when at last it

was found that the house itself was quite too small and old-fashioned for the furniture, and a new one was built 'to correspond' with the sofa and *et ceteras;* 'thus,' added my friend, 'running up an outlay of 30,000 dollars caused by that single sofa, and saddling on me, in the shape of servants, equipage, and the necessary expenses attendant on keeping up a fine 'establishment,' a yearly outlay of 11,000 dollars, and a tight pinch at that; whereas ten years ago we lived with much more real comfort, because with much less care, on as many hundreds. The truth is, he continued, 'that sofa would have brought me to inevitable bankruptcy, had not a most unexampled tide of prosperity kept me above it.'"

39 "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture."—*Franklin.*

40 "His delights
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above
The element they lived in."—*Shakspere* (*Ant. & Cleopat.*)

41 "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day."—John ix. 4.

42 Adam.

43 Solomon.

44 Samson.

45 The name of Potiphar's wife, according to the Persian poets.

46 Genesis, xl. 20, *et seq.*

47 Matthew xiv. 6, *et seq.*

48 "Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age."—*Wisdom of Solomon*, iv. 8, 9.

[49] "Let's learn to live, for we must die, alone."—*Crabbe.*

[50] "Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honour, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his council? Even he that hath shut out Idleness from his house; and hath said unto Sloth, Thou art mine enemy."—*Dodsley (Economy of Human Life).*

[51] "Mankind in general mistake difficulties for impossibilities. That is the difference between those who effect, and those who do not."—*Memoirs of Sir T. F. Buxton, by his Son.*

[52] General Pierce, the late President of the United States, decided in early life to embrace the profession of the law, but his debut at the bar was a complete failure. One of his friends venturing to express to him sentiments of condolence and encouragement. "I have no need of your encouragement," said he; "I have failed this time, but I will succeed in the end. I will make the attempt nine hundred and ninety-nine times, and if I fail then, I will make it for the thousandth."

[53] "Rubs and difficulties," says the late Rev. W. Howells, in one of his letters written when a young man at Oxford, "after all, are the best tutors, for a young man: they teach him more wisdom than all the sages of antiquity."

[54] "As to borrowing and lending," says Mr. Taylor in his essay 'Of Money,' "never lend money to a friend, unless you are satisfied that he does wisely and well in borrowing it. Borrowing is one of the most ordinary ways in which weak men sacrifice the future to the present; and thence it is that the gratitude for a loan is proverbially evanescent; for the future, becoming present in its turn, will not be well pleased with those who have assisted in doing it an injury. By conspiring with your friend to defraud his future self, you naturally incur his future displeasure."

[55] Among other directions of John Grigg, the founder of the publishing firm of Grigg, Elliot and Co., of Philadelphia, to young business men, is the following—"Marry early. The man of

business should marry as soon as possible, after twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. A woman of mind will conform to the day of small beginnings; and in choosing a wife a man should look at, 1st, the heart; 2nd, the mind; 3rd, the person."

[56] "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy—invincible determination*—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."—*Memoirs of Sir T. F. Buxton, Bart., by his Son.*

[57] "Marry not without means; for so shouldst thou tempt Providence:
But wait not for more than enough; for marriage is the *duty* of most men."—*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

[58] "The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on anything else; that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure. There is nothing so little thought of by the young, and no single thing that would be in its issues of such moment, as for the one sex to remember that they are born to be the makers of future men, and for the other to feel that what they want in marriage are not merely mates for themselves, but mothers for their children."—*Rev. T. Binney* (*Sir T. F. Buxton. A Study for Young Men*).

[59] The writer of *Ecclesiasticus*, in his description of a good wife, (Eccles. xxvi. 14) beautifully selects two special characteristics—"A silent and loving woman is a gift of the Lord."

[60] Read and study that very beautiful picture of a good wife, Proverbs xxxi. 10—31.

[61] Benjamin West asserts that a smile of approval bestowed by

his mother on one of his first efforts at painting gave him the impetus that resulted in his future excellence and fame. "That smile," he records, "made me a painter."

62 "Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend, his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get, to live;
Then live, and use it; else it is not true
That thou hast gotten."
George Herbert (*Church Porch*).

63 "The philosophy which affects to teach us a contempt of money does not run very deep; for, indeed, it ought to be still more clear to the philosopher than it is to the ordinary man, that there are few things of greater importance. And so manifold are the bearings of money upon the lives and character of mankind, that an insight which would search out the life of a man in his pecuniary relations, would penetrate into almost every cranny of his nature. He who knows, like St. Paul, both how to spare and how to abound, has a great knowledge; for, if we take account of all the virtues with which money is mixed up—honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, forethought, self-sacrifice, and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity; and a right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man."—*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

64 "Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer, and be strong."—*Longfellow.*

65 "Do all things like a man, not sneakingly."—*George Herbert.*

66 "Life's great play
May, so it have an actor great enough,
Be well performed upon a humble stage."—*Marston.*

[67] "Be great, and seek little things; don't be little and seek great things."—*Dr. W. Gordon.*

[68] The sweet, or Spanish, chesnut: *Castanea Vesca.*

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